

The Corsair.

A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

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TO A LADY.

There's so much loveliness and grace,
Such magic beauty in thy face,
It haunts my memory.
Within my mind that form I'll wear
To chase away all earthly care
And mind me of the sky.
When on the earth thy form I miss,
When thou hast gone to realms of bliss,
Beyond the upper sky,
Could I but gain admittance there,
I'd know thy mild, angelic air,
I'd know thy seraph's eye.
Such forms as thine the angels wear,
Thy soft, clear eye, thy waving hair
Would grace an heavenly train ;
'Twould cheer death's hour of pain and gloom
To know that rising from the tomb
I'd see thee once again.

TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.

HINTS TO EDITORS.
One reader cries, your strain's too grave,
Too much morality you have,
Too much about religion ;
Give me some witch and wizard tales,
Of slip shod ghosts with fins and scales,
And feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings, of priests, of lords,
Of border wars, and Gothic hordes
That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love sick stuff,
To craze the fair creation :
Give us some recent foreign news,
Of Russians, Turks, the Poles, or Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of dull scholastic lore
Would like to see a little more
Of first rate scraps of Latin ;
The grocer fain would learn the price
Of tea and sugar, fruit and rice ;
The draper, silk and satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebus or a riddle ;
Some wish for Parliamentary news,
And some, perhaps, of wiser views,
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander-quill,
And scrawl against the paper ;
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in colleges and schools,
He cuts the greatest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety,
Variety in all things—
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed (I only give the hint,)
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss

To hear of weddings plenty ;
For in a time of general rain
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
Of people totally undone

By losses, fire, or fever ;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of racoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a favourite dish
Of politics to suit them ;
But here we rest at perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never should confute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble ;
So, brother editors, pursue
The path that seems the best to you,
And let the grumbler grumble.

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE FOURTH.

When we had entered Tom's hospitable dwelling, and delivered over our guns to be duly cleaned, and the dogs to be suppered, by Tim Matlock, I passed through the parlour on my way to my own crib, when I found Archer in close confabulation with a tall rawboned Dutchman, with a keen freckled face, small 'cute gray eyes, looking suspiciously about from under the shade of a pair of straggling sandy eyebrows, small reddish whiskers, and a head of carrotty hair as rough and tangled as a fox's back. His aspect was a wondrous mixture of sneakingness and smartness, and his expression did most villainously belie him, if he were not as sharp a customer as ever wagged an elbow, or betted on a race-horse.

"Frank!" exclaimed Harry as I entered, "I make you know Mr. McTaggart, better known hereabouts as the flying Dutchman, though how he came by a Scotch name I can't pretend to say—he keeps the best quarter horses, and plays the best hand of whist in the country; and now, get yourself clean as quick as possible, for Tom never gives one five minutes wherein to dress himself—so bustle."

And off he went as he had finished speaking, and I, shaking my new friend cordially by an exceeding bony unwashed paw, incontinently followed his example, and in good time I did so ; for I had scarcely changed my shooting boots and wet worsteds for slippers and silk socks, before my door, as usual, was lounged open by Tom's massy foot, and I was thus exhorted : "Come, come, your supper's gittin' cold ; I never see such men as you and Archer is ! you're wash, wash, wash, all day ! It's little water enough that you use any other ways."

"Why, is there any other use for water, Tom?" I asked, simply enough.

"It's lucky if there aint anyhow ; leastwise where you and Archer is ; else you'd leave none for the rest of us. It's a good thing you han't thought of washing your hides in rum—you will be at it some of these odd days, I warrant me ; why now, McTaggart, it's only yesterday I caught Archer up stairs there, fiddling away up there at his teeth with a little ivory brush—brushing them with cold water—cleaning them he calls it ! D—n all such trash say I."

While I was listening in mute astonishment, wondering whether in truth the old savage never cleaned his teeth, Archer made his appearance, and to a better supper never did I sit down, than was spread at the old round table, in such profusion as might well have sufficed to feed a troop of horse.

"What have we got here, Tom?" cried Harry as he took the head of the social board—"Quail-pie, by George ! are there any peppers in it, Tom?"

"Sartin there is," replied that worthy, "and a prime rump-steak in the bottom, and some first-best salt pork chopped fine, and three small onions—like little Wax-skin used to fix them, when he was up here last fall."

"Take some of this pie, Frank," said Archer, as he handed me a huge plate of leafy reeking pie-crust, with a slice of fat steak, and a plump hen quail, and gravy, and etceteras, that might have made an Alderman's mouth water—"and if you don't say it's the very best thing you ever tasted, you are not half so good a judge as I used to hold you. It took little Johnny and myself three wet days to concoct it. Pie, Tom, or reast

“pig!” he continued, “or broiled woodcock? Here they are, all of them.”

“Why, I reckon I’ll take cock; briled meat wants to be ate right strett away as soon as it comes off the griddle; and of all nice ways of cooking, to brile a thing, quick now, over hot hickory ashes, is the best for me.”

“I believe you’re right about eating the cock first, for they will not be worth farthing if they get cold. So you stick to the pig, do you—he? McTaggart? Well, there is no reckoning on tastes; holloa Tim, look sharp! the champagne all round—I’m choking!”

And for some time no sound was heard, but the continuous clatter of knives and forks, the occasional popping of a cork, succeeded by the gurgling of the generous wine as it flowed into the tall tumblers; and every now and then a loud rattling eructation from Tom Draw; who, as he said, could never half enjoy a meal if he could not stop now and then to blow off steam. At last, however—for supper, alas! like all other earthly pleasures, must come to an end—“The fairest still the fleetest”—our appetites waned gradually: and notwithstanding Harry’s earnest exhortations, and the production of a broiled ham-bone, devilled to the very utmost pitch of English mustard, soy, oil of Aix, and cayenne pepper, by no hands, as may be guessed, but those of that universal genius Timothy—one by one, we gave over our labours edacious, to betake us to potations of no small depth or frequency.

“It is directly contrary to my rule, Frank, to drink before a good day’s shooting—and a good day I mean to have to-morrow!—but I am thirsty, and the least thought chilly—so here goes for a debauch! Tim, look into my box with the clothes, and you will find two flasks of curagoa; bring them down, and a dozen lemons, and some lump sugar; look alive! and you Tom, out with your best brandy; I’ll make a jorum that will open your eyes tight before you’ve done with it. That’s right Tim; now get the soup tureen, the biggest one, and see that it’s clean. The old villain has not got a punch bowl; bring half a dozen of champagne, a bucket full of ice, and then go down into the kitchen, and make two quarts of green tea, as strong as possible; and when it’s made, set it to cool in the ice-house!”

In a few minutes all the ingredients were at hand; the rind, peeled carefully from all the lemons, was deposited with two tumblers full of finely powdered sugar in the bottom of the tureen; thereupon were poured instantly three pints of pale old Cogniac, and these were left to steep, without admixture, until Tim Matlock made his entrance with the cold, strong, green tea; two quarts of this, strained clear, were added to the brandy, and then two flasks of curagoa! Into this mixture a dozen large lumps of clear ice were thrown, and the whole stirred up ‘till the sugar was entirely suspended; then pop! pop! went the long necks, and their creaming nectar was discharged into the bowl; and by the body of Bacchus—as the Italians swear—and by his soul too, which he never steeped in such delicious nectar, what a drink that was, when it was completed. Even Tom Draw, who ever was much disposed to look upon strange potables as trash, and who had eyed the whole proceedings with ill-concealed suspicion and disdain, when he had quaffed off a pint-beaker full, which he did without once moving the vessel from his head—smacked his lips with a report which might have been heard half a mile off, and which resembled very nearly the crack of a first-rate huntsman’s whip.

“That’s not slow, now!” he said, half dubiously; “to tell the truth now, that’s first rate; I reckon, though, it would be better if there wasn’t that tea into it; it makes it weak and trashy like!”

“You be hanged!” answered Harry, “that’s mere affectation; that smack of your lips told the story; did you ever hear such an infernal sound? I never did, by George!”

“Begging your pardon, Measter Archer” interposed Timothy, pulling his forelock, with an expression of profound respect, mingled with a ludicrous air of regret, at being forced to differ in the least degree from his master, “Begging your pardon, Measter Archer, that was a roomer noise, and by a very gre-at de-al too, when Measter McTavish sneezed me clean out o’ t’ wagon!”

“What’s that? what the devil’s that?” cried I; “this McTavish must be a queer genius; one day I hear of his frightening a bull out of a meadow, and next of his sneezing a man out of a phaeton.”

“It’s simply true! both are simply true! We were driving very slowly on an immensely hot day in the middle of August, between Lebanon Springs and Claverack; McTavish and I on the front seat, and Tim behind. Well! we were creeping at a foot’s pace, up a long, steep hill, just at the very hottest time of day; not a word had been spoken for above an hour, for we were all tired and languid—except once, when McTavish asked for his third tumbler, since breakfast, of Starke’s Farentosh, of which we had three two-quart bottles in the liquor case—when suddenly, without any sign or warning, McTavish gave a sneeze which, on my honour, was scarcely inferior in loudness to a pistol shot! The horses started almost off the road, I jumped about half a foot off my seat, and positively, without exaggeration. Timothy tumbled slap out of the wagon into the road, and lay there sprawling in the dust, while Mac sat perfectly unmoved, without a smile upon his face, looking straight before him, as if nothing had happened.”

“Nonsense, Harry,” exclaimed I, “That positively won’t go down.”

“That’s an eternal lie, now, Archer!” Tom chimed in; “leastwise I don’t know why I should say so neither, for I never saw no devilry goin on yet, that didn’t come as nat’ral to McTavish, as lying to a minister, or”—

“Rum to Tom Draw!” responded Harry. “But it’s true as the gospel, ask Timothy there!”

“Nay it’s all true; only it’s scarce so bad i’ t’ story, as it was i’ right airtiest! Ay cooped oot o’ t’ drag—loike ivry thing—my hinder eend was sair a moonth and better!”

“Now then,” said I, “it’s Tom’s turn; let us hear about the bull.”

“Oh, the bull!” answered Tom. “Well you see, Archer there, and little Waxskin—you know little Waxskin, I guess, Mister Forester—and old McTavish had gone down to shoot to Hell-hole, where we was yesterday, you see! well now! it was hot—hot, worst kind, I tell you, and I

was sort o’ tired out; so Waxskin, in he goes into the thick, and Archer arter him, and up the old crick side, thinkin, you see, that we was goin up, where you and I w lked yesterday—but not a bit of it—we never thought of no such thing, nor we! We set ourselves down underneath the haystacks, and made ourselves two good stiff horns of toddy, and cooled off there, all in the shade, as slick as silk. Well arter we’d been there quite a piece, bang! we hears, in the very thick of the swamp—bang! bang! and then I heerd Harry Archer roar out “mark! mark! Tom, mark! you old fat rascal,” and sure enough, right where I should have been, if I’d been a doin right, out came two woodcock—big ones—they looked like hens, and I kind o’ thought it was a shame, so I got up to go to them, and called McTavish to go with me; but torights, jest as he was a gittin up, a heap of critters, comes all chasin up, scart by a dog, I recken, kickin their heels up, and bellowin like mad; and there was one young bull amongst them, quite a lump of a bull now I tell you; and the bull he came up pretty nigh to us, and stood, and stawmped, and sort o’ snorted, as if he did’nt know right what he would be arter, and McTavish, he gits up, and turns right round with his back to the critter; he’d got a bit of a round jacket on, and he stoops down till his head came right awteen his legs, kind o’ straddlin like, so that the bull could see nothing of him but his t’other eend, and his head right under it, chin uppermost, with his big black whiskers, lookin as fierce as all —, and fiercer; well! the bull he stawmped agin, and pawed, and bellowed, and I was in hopes, I swon, that he would have hooked him; but jest then McTavish starts to run, goin along as I have told you, hind eend foremost; bo-oo went the bull, a-bo-oo, and off he starts like a strick, with his tail strect-on-eend, and his eyes starin, and all the critters arter him, and then they kind o’ circled round, and all stood still and stared, and stawmped, ‘till he got nigh to them, and then they all stricks off agin; and so they went on, runnin and then standin still,—and so they went on the hull of a hour, I’ll be bound; and I lay there upon my back laughin ‘till I was stiff and sore all over; and then came Waxskin and old Archer, wrathy and swearin’—Lord how they did swear! They’d been a slavin there through the thorns and briars, and the old stinkin mud holes, and flushed a most almighty sight of cock, where the brush was too thick to shoot them, and every one they flushed, he came stret out into the open field, where Archer knew we should have been, and where we should have killed a thunderin mess, and no mistake—and they went on dammin, and wonderin, and sweatin through the brush, till they got out to the far eend, and there they had to make tracks back to us through the bog meadow, under a brillin sun, and when they did get back, the bull was jest a goin through the bars—and every drop o’ the rum was drirked up—and the sun was settin, and the day’s shootin—that was spoiled! and then McTavish tantalized them the worst sort. But I did laugh to kill; it was the best I ever did see, was that spree—Ha! ha!”

And, as he finished, he burst out into his first hoarse laugh, in which I chorused him most heartily, havin in truth been in convulsions, between the queerness of his lingo, and the absurdly grotesque attitudes into which he threw himself, in imitating the persons concerning whom his story ran—after this, jest succeeded jest! and story, story! ‘till in good truth, the glass circling the white with the most portentous speed, I began to feel bees in my head, and till in truth no one, I believe, of the party, was entirely collected in his thoughts, except Tom Draw, whom it is as impossible for liquor to affect, as it would be for brandy to make a hoghead drunk, and who stalked off to bed with an air of solemn gravity that would have well become a Spanish Grandee of the olden time, telling us as he left the room, that we were all drunk, and that we should be in our beds till noon to-morrow—a prediction, by the way, which he took right good care to defeat in his own person—for in less than five hours after we retired, which was about the first of the small hours, he rushed into my room, and finding that the awful noises, which he made, had no eff ct in waking me, dragged me bodily out of bed, and clapping my wet sponge in my face, walked off, as he said, to fetch the bitters, which were to make me fine as silk upon the instant.

This time, I must confess that I did not look with quite so much disgust on the old apple-jack; and in fact, after a moderate horn, I completed my ablutions, and found myself perfectly fresh and ready for the field. Breakfast was soon despatched, and on this occasion as soon as we had got through the broiled ham and eggs, the wagon made its appearance at the door.

“What’s this, Harry,” I exclaimed, “where are we bound for now?” “Why, Master Frank,” he answered, “to tell you the plain truth, while you were sleeping off the effects of the last night’s regent’s punch, I was on foot enquiring into the state of matters and things; and since we have pretty well exhausted our home beats, and I have heard that some ground, about ten miles distant, is in prime order, I have determined to take a try there—but we must look pretty lively, for it is seven now, and we have got a drive of seven stiff miles before us. Now, old Grampus, are you ready?”

“Aye! aye!” responded Tom, and mounted up—a work of no small toil for him—into the back seat of the wagon, where I soon took my seat beside him, with the two well broke setters crouching at our feet, and the three guns strapped neatly to the side rails of the wagon. Harry next mounted the box. Tim touched his hat and jumped up to his side, and off we rattled at a merry trot, wheeling around the rival tavern which stood in close propinquity to Tom’s—then turning short again to the left hand, along a broken stony road, with several high and long hills, and very awkward bridges in the valleys to the North-westward of the village. Five miles brought us into a pretty little village lying at the base of another ridge of what might almost be denominated mountains, save that they were cultivated to the very top—as we paused on the brow of this, another glorious valley spread out to our view, with the broad sluggish waters of the Wallkill winding away with hardly any visible motion, towards the Northeast, through a vast tract of meadow land covered with high, rank grass, dotted with clumps of willows and alder brakes—and interspersed with large deep swamps, thick-set with high grown timber—while far beyond these to the West, lay the high variegated chain of the Shawangunk mountains. Rattling briskly down the hill we passed another thriving vil-

lage, built on the mountain side—made two or three sharp ugly turns, still going at a smashing pace, and coming on the level ground, entered an extensive cedar swamp, impenetrable above with the dark boughs of the evergreen colossi, and below with half a dozen varieties of rhododendron, calmia, and azalia—through this dark dreary track, the road ran straight as the bird flies, supported on the trunks of trees—constituting what is here called a corduroy road—an article which, praise be to all the gods, is disappearing now so rapidly, that this is the only bit to be found in the civilized regions of New York—and bordered to the right and left by ditches of black tenacious mire. Beyond this we scaled another sandy hillock, and pulled up at a little wayside tavern, at the door of which Harry set himself lustily to halloo—

"Why, John—halloo, halloo—John Riker!"

Whereon, out came, stooping low to pass under the lintel of a very fair sized door, one of the tallest men I ever looked upon—his height too, was exaggerated by the narrowness of his chest and shoulders, which would have been rather small for a man not five foot seven—but to make up for this, his legs were monstrous—his arms muscular, and his whole frame evidently powerful and athletic, though his gait was slouching, and his air singularly awkward and unhandy.

"Why, how do, Mr. Archer—I hadn't heerd you was in these parts—after woodcock I reckon."

"Yes, John; as usual; and you must go along with us, and shew us the best ground!"

"Well, you see, I can't go to day—for Squire Breawn, and Dan Fanshea, and a whole grist of Goshen boys is comin over to the island here to fish, but you can't well go wrong."

"Why not—are birds plenty?"

"Well! I guess they be—plentier than ever yet I see them here."

"By Jove! that's good news," Harry answered—"where shall we find the first?"

"Why, amost anywhere—but here jist down by the first bridge there's a hull heap—leastwise there was a Friday—and then you'd best go on to the second bridge and keep the edge of the hill right up and down to Merrit's Island—and then beat down here home to the first bridge again—but won't you liquor?"

"No! not this morning, John; we did our liquoring last night. Tom, do you hear what John says?"

"I hear, I hear," growled out old Tom, "but the critter lies. He always does lie."

"Well, here goes, and we'll soon see!"—and away we went again, spinning down a little descent, to a flat place between the hill-foot and the river—having a thick tangled swamp on the right, and a small boggy meadow full of grass, breast high, with a thin open alder grove beyond it on the left. Just as we reached the bridge Harry pulled up. "Jump out, boys—jump out!—here's the spot."

"I tell you there aint none never here, nor haint been these six years—you know that now, yourself, Archer."

"We'll try it, all the same," said Harry—who was coolly loading his gun! "The season has been wetter than common, and this ground is generally too dry. Drive on, Tim, over the bridge, into the hollow, you'll be out of shot there—and wait till we come. Hollo! mark—Tom."

For as the wagon wheeis rattled upon the bridge, up jumped a cock out of the ditch by the road side, from under a willow brush, and skinned past all of us within five yards. Tom Draw and I, who had got out after Harry, were both in the act of ramming down our first barrels; but Harry, who had loaded one, and was at that moment putting down the wad upon the second, dropped his ramrod with the most perfect sang-froid I ever witnessed, took a cap out of his right-hand pocket, applied it to the cone, and pitching up his gun, knocked down the bird as he wheeled to cross the road behind us, by the cleverest shot possible.

"That's pretty well for no birds! anyhow, Tom," he exclaimed, dropping his butt to load. "Go and gather that bird, Frank, to save time, he lies in the wagon rut, there. How now! down charge, you Chase—sir! what are you about?"

The bird was quickly bagged, and Harry loaded—we stepped across a dry ditch, and both dogs made game at the same instant.

"Follow the red dog, Frank," cried Archer—"and go very slow—there are birds here!" and as he spoke, while the dogs were crawling along, cat-like, pointing at every step, and then again creeping onward, up skirted two birds under the very nose of the white setter, and crossed quite to the left of Harry. I saw him raise his gun, but that was all—for at the self same moment one rose to me, and my ear caught the flap of yet another to my right—five barrels were discharged so quickly that they made but three reports—I cut my bird well down, and looking quickly to the left, saw nothing but a stream of feathers drifting along the wind—at the same moment old Tom shouted on the right—"I have killed two, by George!—what have you done boys?"—“Two—I,” said Archer—“Wait, Frank, don't you begin to load till one of us is ready—there'll be another cock up, like enough! keep your barrel—I'll be ready in a jiffy!”

And well it was that I obeyed him, for at the squeak of the card, in its descent down his barrel, another bird did rise, and was making off for the open alders, when my whole charge riddled him—and instantly at the report three more flapped up, and of course went off unharmed—but we marked them, one by one, down in the grass at the wood edge. Harry loaded again, we set off to pick up our dead birds—Shot drew, as I thought, on my first, and pointed dead within a yard of where he fell—I walked up carelessly, with my gun under my arm, and was actually stooping to bag him, as I thought—when whiz—one rose almost in my face; and, bothered by seeing us all around him, towered straight up into the air. Taken completely by surprise, I blazed away in a hurry, and missed clean—but not five yards did he go, before Tom cut him down—“Aha! boy, whose eyes wiped now?”

"Mine, Tom, very fairly—but can that be the same cock I knocked down, Archer?"

"Not a bit of it, I saw yours fall dead as a stone—he lies half a yard farther in that tussoe!"

"How the deuce did you see him?—why you were shooting your own at the same moment!"

"All knack, Frank—I marked both my own and yours, and one of Tom's beside—are you ready?—hold up Shot,—there he has got your dead bird—was not I right?—and look to—for by Jove he is standing on another, with the dead bird in his mouth—that's pretty, is it not?"

Again two rose, and both were killed—one by Tom, and one by Archer—my gun hanging fire.

"That's nine birds down before we have bagged one," said Archer; I hope no more will rise, or we will be losing these—but this time his hopes were not destined to meet accomplishment, for seven more woodcock got up—five of which were scattered in the grass around us, wing broken or dead—before we had even bagged the bird which Shot was gently mouthing.

"I never saw any thing like this in my life, Tom—did you?" cried Harry.

"I never did, by George," responded Tom; "Now, do you think there's any three men to be found in York, such eternal fools as to be willing to shoot a match agin ue?"

"To be sure I do, lots of them: and to beat us too, to boot, you stupid old porpoise; why there's Harry T——, and Nick L—— and a dozen more of them, that you and I would have no more chance with, than a gallon of brandy would have of escaping from you at a single sitting; but we have shot pretty well to-day. Now do, for heaven's sake, let us try to bag them!"

And scattered though they were in all directions, among the most infernal tangled grass I ever stood on, those excellent dogs retrieved them one by one, till every bird was pocketed; we then beat on and swept the rest of the meadow, and the outer verge of the alders, picking up three more birds—making a total of seventeen, brought to bag, in less than half an hour. We then proceeded to the wagon, took a good pull of water from a beautiful clear spring by the roed-side, properly qualified with whiskey, and rattled on about one mile farther to the second bridge. Here we again got out.

"Now Tim," said Harry, "mark me well! Drive gently to the old barrack yonder under the West end of that woodside, unhitch the horses and tie them in the shade—you can give them a bite of meadow hay at the same time—and then get luncheon ready, we shall be with you by two o'clock at farthest."

"Ay! ay! Sir;" and off he drove at a steady pace, while we striking into the meadow, to the left hand of the road, went along getting sport such as I never beheld, or even dreamed of before—for about five hundred yards in width from the stream the ground was soft and miry to the depth of some four inches, with long sword grass quite knee-deep, and every fifty yards a bunch of willows or swamp alders. In every clump of bushes we found from three to five birds, and as the shooting was for the most part very open, we rendered on the whole very good account of them; the dogs throughout behaved superbly, and Tom was altogether frantic with the excitement of the sport. The time seemed short indeed, and I could not for a moment have imagined that it was even noon, when we reached the barrack. This was a hut of rude unplanned boards, which had been put up formerly with the intent of furnishing a permanent abode for some laboring men, but which, having been long deserted, was now used only as a temporary shelter for charcoal burners, hay-makers, or like ourselves, stray sportsmen. It was, however, though rudely built and fallen considerably into decay, perfectly beautiful from its romantic site; for it stood just at the end of a long tangled covert, with a huge pin oak tree, leaning abruptly out from an almost precipitous bank of yellow sand, completely canopying it; while from a crevice in the sand-stone there swelled out a little source of chrystral water, which expanded into as sweet a basin, as ever served a Dryad for her bath in Arcady of old. Before it stretched a wide sweep of meadow land, with the broad blue Wallkill gliding through it, fringed by a skirt of coppice, and the high mountains, veiled with a soft autumnal mist, sleeping beyond, robed in their many colored garb of crimson, gold and greenery. Beside the spring the indefatigable Tim had kindled a bright glancing fire, while in the basin were cooling two long-necked bottles of the Baron's best; a clean white cloth was spread in the shade before the barrack door, with plates and cups, and bread cut duly, and a travelling case of cruets with all the other appurtenances needful. On our appearance he commenced rooting in a heap of embers and soon produced six nondescript looking articles enclosed—as they dress maintenon cutlets or red mullet—in double sheets of greasy letter paper—these he incontinently dished, and to my huge astonishment they turned out to be three couple of our woodcock, which that indefatigable varlet had picked, and baked under the ashes, according to some strange idea, whether original or borrowed at second hand from his master, I never was enabled to ascertain. The man, be whom he may, that invented that *plat*, is second neither to Caramel nor Ude—the exquisite juicy tenderness of the meat, the preservation of the gravy, the richness of the trail; by heaven they were inimitable.

In that sweet spot we loitered for a full hour—then counted our bag, which amounted already to fifty-nine cock, not including those with which Tim's gastronomic art had spread for us a table in the wilderness—then leaving him to pack up and meet us at the spot where we first started—we struck down the stream homeward, shooting our way along a strip of coppice about ten yards in breadth, bounded on one side by the dry bare bank of the river, and on the other by the open meadows. We of course kept the verges of this covert, our dogs working down the middle, and so well did we manage it, that when we reached the wagon, just as the sun was setting, we numbered seventy-three birds bagged, besides two which were so cut by the shot as to be useless, six which we had devoured, and four or five which we lost in spite of the excellence of our retrievers. When we got home again, although the Dutchman was on the spot promising us a quarter race upon the morrow, and pressing earnestly for a rubber to-night, we were too much used up to think of any thing but a good supper and an early bed.

TWO GERMAN TALES.

[From *Snow's Rhine*.]

THE DEAD BRIDE.

It was a wild wintry night, in the latter part of the fifteenth century.—Then, as now, the once impregnable castle of Dattenburg was a shattered ruin—the abode of evil spirits in the popular belief, and the terror of the surrounding country. On this night, while the wind roared like thunder, and the raging river answered it with a stormy diapason still louder, a young knight, Kurd von Stein, who pursued his road from Hammerstein to Unkel, was belated on the way, and wandering far out of the direct path along the river shore, went astray among the mountains. While struggling with the blinding rain, and bearing up bravely against the wild blast, which assailed him with a wondrous fury, he saw a faint light in the far distance. Towards this light he immediately directed his steps. After much labour and considerable difficulty, he succeeded in reaching the ruins of the castle of Dattenburg; but it was then all unknown to him that such was the spot in which he had sought a refuge. In an upper chamber of the great tower, burned the light which had guided him thither. He had some trouble to discover an entrance to the castle-yard, and more than once he fell over the huge blocks of basalt which lay scattered about in confused masses, as though cast there at random by some convulsion of nature; but he at length succeeded in overcoming all obstacles, and finally found himself in the principal court of the castle. He was alone, and there were no signs of life in his vicinity, except it might be the snort or tramp of his tired steed, or the throbbing of his own heart, from the toilsome ascent. Long grass grew through the interstices of the pavement; the walls of the edifice were roofless, the windows without frames; desolation seemed to have made the place her dwelling. He shouted for assistance, he called aloud on the warders to come to his aid, he hallooed lustily for the domestics, but no one replied to him; he was only answered by a faint echo, nearly drowned in the rushing of the wind, and the noise of the raging waters of the swollen river without. No other resource being left him, and having no alternative but to wait on himself, he fastened his horse to a half-prostrate pillar, and groped his way to the foot of the great tower, from whence gleamed the light which allured him thither.—The door of the building stood half open, and he entered it without hesitation. Ascending the narrow and crooked stairs, he struck sharply at every door he passed, for the purpose of rousing the inmates; but in vain: no signs of life were made manifest to his senses in any part of the ruined pile. At length he attained the topmost story. As he stood on the narrow landing-place, a flood of soft, mellow light poured on him from an adjoining chamber. He looked into the apartment whence it proceeded, and there he beheld a lady sitting at a table, with her head leaning pensively on her hand. She was apparently absorbed in deep thought. This fair dame was young, and very beautiful; but the vitality of her youth seemed to have been blighted by care or disappointment; her cheek was wan and hollow; and her eyes were dim, and sunk, and lustreless. So rapt did she seem to be in meditation, that the entrance of the young knight was quite unperceived by her, until he stood fully revealed in her presence, and proceeded to pray pardon for his involuntary intrusion upon her privacy.

"I have been belated, fair ladye," he spake; "and I have lost my way in the storm. May I hope that it will not be a trespass on your hospitality to give me shelter until its fury shall cease, or until the night passeth over?"

The ladye nodded her head assentively; but she made no other reply. The young knight, however, received it for an answer in the affirmative.—She then rose from the table, and placing a chair for the stranger beside her own, motioned him to sit. He did so. Not a word escaped her lips although he was loud in his expressions of grateful acknowledgment. The table was loaded with the richest viands; game, and poultry of many kinds, were in abundance, and wine of various vintages were not a-wanting; but the youth knew not whence or how they came there, as he could perceive none of these things on his entrance into the chamber. The ladye beckoned him to partake of the banquet; still, however, she said no word that he could hear, though her lips moved slightly, as if she spoke inaudibly, or spoke to herself. He needed not much pressing, for he was very sharp set with hunger and fatigue; and he fell to, most heartily, with the keen appetite of four-and-twenty, whetted by a long, cold day's fast, and immense physical exertion. It was not until his hunger was well nigh appeased that he discovered a singular omission in the *matériel* of the feast,—an omission the more singular, as the articles in themselves were the most simple and valueless of all that stood before him; bread and salt were not to be found on the well furnished board. He could not guess what was the cause of it, and he did not well know what to think of the omission; but his heart somehow misgave him as to the reason, for now that he no longer felt the eager cravings of appetite, he had leisure to speculate on what he saw. Coupling this singular circumstance with the still more singular one of the maiden's silence and total solitude, he could not help feeling, involuntarily, some little degree of dread. The age was a superstitious one; and brave men, who would have faced a host of their own fellow-creatures single-handed, thought it no shame to confess their fear of ghosts and to quail before fiends, and foul spirits. He made no comment, however on the circumstance, but adopted the only means of comfort within his reach—copious draughts of a peculiarly generous wine.—As he proceeded to drain of breaker after breaker of the delicious beverage, his fears began rapidly to dissipate: all the while the beautiful countenance of the maiden seemed to brighten, and her eye to grow full again with pleasure, as she perceived his spirits rise in the intoxicating process. His soul soon scorned all suspicions; his heart began to grow too big for his bosom; he was all magnanimity; and felt not a little of sensual passion. He had "screwed his courage to the sticking place." Pleasure was now distinctly visible in his fair companion's countenance.

"Loveliest of maidens," said he, looking on her with maudlin tenderness; "you are the daughter of this house?"

She nodded her head in reply, and smiled a gracious smile; but still he could hear no word from her lips.

"And who be your parents?" inquired he again, after a short pause.

Again she nodded, smiling still sweeter than before, and then pointed to a couple of portraits that hung against the wall of the chamber, just opposite where he and she were seated together.

Kurd von Stein looked at the portraits first, and then he looked at the maiden. There could be no mistake in the matter; the family likeness was too distinct.

"Are they alive?" he asked, once more addressing her.

She only shook her head sorrowfully.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" he queried.

"I am the last of my race," replied she, in a voice soft as the whisper of the summer breeze, and sweet as the sound of an Eolian harp on which the breath of a balmy eve is blowing.

The one great difficulty was now surmounted. This soft speech satisfied the young and ardent knight that he should not have a dumb bride, if fortune pleased to favour his suit with the maiden. Entranced with her grace and beauty, animated by her smiles, and heated by the copious libations in which she had silently encouraged him, he fell desperately in love; and, long before the midnight hour had arrived, he had resolved to make her an offer of his hand,—his heart she already had in her safe keeping. He was poor in worldly possession, though rich in youth and health, and a very handsome form; and with a touch of worldliness almost incompatible with the purity of his pretended passion, he deemed that he could make no better selection than the daughter of a noble house, who could afford to give such good cheer, and keep so excellent a cellar of wines. The desolate court-yard, with the long, rank grass waving over the pavement—the solitary chambers, tenantless, windowless, roofless—and the ruinous unwatched outer walls of the castle, so faithfully imaging decay, were all forgotten in the fervor of his affection and the delirium induced by drink.

"Fairest of fair ones," stammered he, falling on one knee at her feet, after the most approved fashion of the period; "loveliest of lovely creatures, may I ask if you are free to wed?"

A nod and a smile were his answer. He had at the moment attained the summit of his happiness.

"Wilt thou be mine!—my bride!—my own!—most peerless princess!" he uttered impassioned.

The maiden's pale face flushed with pleasure. She nodded her head again, and smiled more graciously than ever woman smiled on him before. Rising quickly from her seat, she hastened to an antique cabinet which stood in a corner of the room, and as quickly returned. In one hand she held forth a gold ring of the oldest fashion; in the other, a withered wreath of rosemary leaves. With not a moment's delay she intertwined the faded garland in her long black locks; then proceeding towards the door of the chamber, she beckoned the knight to follow. A feeling of doubt, not unaccompanied with some degree of dread, flashed on the mind of the drunkard; but it was instantly dispelled by the fumes of the wine, and the sweet smile of the maiden. He followed her in silence to the castle chapel. At the gate of the sacred edifice they were joined by two persons whom he had not seen before. He looked on the strangers with some surprise, and to his sudden horror he saw that they were the originals of the two pictures which stood in his ladye's chamber—her father and mother, who, by her gesture in answer to his inquiry respecting them, he had been given to understand were long since dead. Again he hesitated, and for a moment the idea of retreat crossed his mind; but it was only for a moment—retreat was now impossible. What with the maiden before him, the black walls on each side of him, and the old couple behind him, bringing up the rear of the procession, he was, as it were, completely blocked in, and found himself irretrievably in their power. They all entered the chapel together; it was lighted up as on the eve of some high and holy festival; yet the youth could not discover whence came that strong illumination, for neither torch nor lamp was to be seen within its precincts, and the black sky was only visible above its ruined roof. They approached the altar; everything seemed to have been prepared in anticipation of the nuptials. In the centre of the aisle stood the proud monument of a bishop, one of the noble family of the castle, who had been dead and buried there upwards of a century; on the black marble, surmounting it, lay his recumbent figure in bronze, large as life, clothed in full pontificals—the crosier in his hand, the mitre on his head. As the bridal procession traversed the aisle, in the order in which they had entered the chapel, the maiden, who was still in advance of the party, touched the figure with her fore finger, and then pointed mysteriously to the altar. In a moment more—fearful to relate—the bronze bishop rose majestically from his marble couch, and followed them within the railed enclosure. The knight gazed on the scene with dread and dismay—his heart completely sunk within him—for the influence of the wine had departed, and that of love lingered only a brief space after it. As he looked on every side to find a way to escape from the fiendish thralldom in which he felt himself held, his eye rested on the face of the bronze bishop. Oh, horror upon horror!—the eyes of the figure glowed like red-hot metal in a fiery furnace, and his breath seemed surcharged with all the odours of hell. The maiden, too, seemed no longer the same being as she who had so shortly before fascinated his soul; her smile had become almost demoniac, and her eyes, similar to those of the spirit-prelate, sparkled like *ignes satui*. The only unchanged aspects in the group were those of the old couple, the father and mother of the intended bride; but their immutability of appearance was not less fearful than the alteration in that of the two others. They stood there pale and still, like corse in their shrouds—their stony eyes giving no signs of life or motion during the entire proceeding—their rigid traits never relaxing for a moment from the still, cold serenity of death.

"Kurd von Stein!" spake a hollow voice, as though it issued from the depths of the earth.

The knight started, and shook like an aspen in the breeze of the evening. It was the bronze bishop who called him by his name.

"Kurd von Stein!" repeated the same voice, in a tone still more hollow, "do you take the maiden before you, Bertha von Dattenburg, as your wedded wife?"

The voice of the youth quavered like the dying notes of an organ, when he essayed to make reply: he could not for the life of him utter a sound, such was his terror and trepidation.

"Kurd von Stein!" again asked the fiend in form of a bishop, "do you consent to take Bertha von Dattenburg, this maiden, as your—"

At this instant the crow of a cock from the near village of Leubsdorf was borne upwards on the gale, and the deep sound of the midnight bell of the Convent of St. Helena boomed heavily over the waters from the opposite side of the river.

"God have mercy on me!" were the only words the young knight could utter, when he was prostrated to the earth by the rush of a whirlwind which swept through the chapel. Bishop and bride, father and mother, all were gone in a moment. He saw no more.

When sensation returned, he perceived that a beautiful summer morning had far advanced on its way towards noon; and he found that he had spent the night under the shelter of a fallen fragment of the old walls, extended on the grass, which covered the court-yard of the castle. His faithful steed stood beside him, and neighed loudly, as though impatient for his waking.

Was it a dream?

THE MONKS AT THE FERRY.

It was in the time when the celebrated Convent of St. Thomas over Andernach existed in its pristine magnificence (it is now a leather factory), that late of an autumnal night, the ferryman of the ferry from that city to the Devil's House on the other side of the river, who lived on the edge of the bank below the ruins of the ancient palace of the kings of Austrasia, was accosted by a stranger, who desired to be put across, just as he was about to haul up his boat until the next morning. The stranger seemed to be a monk; for he was closely cowléd and gowned from head to heel, in the long, dark, flowing garb of some ascetic order.

"Hilloa! ferry!" he shouted aloud, as he approached the shore of the river. "Hilloa! ho!"

"Here, ahoy! here, most reverend father," answered the poor ferryman; "what would you with me?"

"I would that you ferry me across the Rhine to yonder shore of the river," replied the monk. "I come from the Convent of St. Thomas, and I go afar on a weighty mission. Now, boune ye quick, my good friend, and run me soon over."

"Most willingly, reverend father!" said the ferryman. "Most willingly—most willingly! Just step into my boat, and I'll put you across the current in a twinkling."

The dark-looking monk entered the boat, and the ferryman shoved off from the bank. They soon reached the opposite shore. The astonished ferryman, however, had scarce time to give his fare a good evening, when he disappeared from his sight, in the direction of the Devil's House; and in a single moment more he saw him no longer. Pondering a little on this strange circumstance, and inwardly thinking that the dark monk might just as well have paid him his fare, or, at least bade him good night, before he took such unceremonious leave, he rowed slowly across the stream back again to his abode at Andernach.

"Hilloa! ferry!" once more resounded from the margin of the river to which he was approaching. "Hilloa! ho!"

"Here, ahoy!" involuntarily responded the ferryman, but not without some sensation of fear, some undefined apprehension of danger. "What would ye?"

He rowed to the shore, but he could see no one for a long while, owing to the darkness of the night. As he neared the landing-place, however, he was speedily aware of the presence of two monks, garbed exactly like his late passenger, who were standing together, concealed by the shadow of the massive ruins of the old palace.

"Here! here!" they cried. "We would ye to ferry us over to yonder shore of the river," said the foremost of the gloomy twain. "We go afar, bound on a weighty mission, from the Convent of St. Thomas, and we must onwards this night. So boune ye, friend, quick, and run us soon over."

"Step in, then," said the ferryman, not over courteously, for he remembered the trick played on him by their predecessor.

They did so, and he put off as before. Just, however, as the prow of the boat touched the opposite bank of the river, both sprang ashore, and disappeared at once from his view, like him who had gone before them. They were now, however, seen to enter the Devil's House.

"Curse them!" said the poor, deluded ferryman, "curse them! curse them! If they call that doing good, or acting honestly, to cheat a hard-working, poor fellow, out of the well-earned reward of his toil and labour, I do not know what bad means, or what it is to act knavishly."

He waited a little while to see whether they would return to pay him or not; but finding they failed to do so, he put across once more to his home at Andernach.

"Hilloa! ferry!" again hailed a voice from the shore he was making. "Hilloa! ho!"

The ferryman made no reply to this suspicious hail, but pushed off his boat from the landing-place, fully resolved in his own mind to have done with any more black cattle that night.

"Hilloa! ferry!" was again repeated in a sterner key, "Hilloa! ho! art dead or asleep?"

"Here, ahoy!" cried the affrighted ferryman. "What would ye with me?"

He had a thought to pass downwards to the other extremity of the town, and there to moor his bark below the place she usually lay in, lest any other monks might feel disposed to make him their slave without offering him any recompense. He had, however, scarcely entertained the idea, when three black-robed men, clothed as the former, in long, dark, flowing garments, but more closely cowléd, if possible, even than they, stood on the very edge of the stream, and beckoned him to them. It was in vain for him to try to evade them now; and, as if to render his efforts to that effect still more nugatory, the bright, broad, harvest moon broke forth on a sudden from the thick clouds that shrouded her, and lit up the scenes all around with a radiance like that of mid-day.

"Step in, holy fathers! step in! quick! quick!" said he, in a gruff surly tone, after they had told him the same tale in the very same words as the three others who had passed previously.

They entered the boat and again he pushed off. They had reached the centre of the stream, when he bethought him that it was then a good time to talk of his fee; and resolved to have it, if possible, ere they could escape him.

"But what do you mean to give me for my trouble, holy fathers?" he inquired; nothing for nothing, you know."

"We shall give you all that we have to bestow," replied one of the monks. "Won't that suffice?"

"But what is that?" asked the sceptical ferryman.

"Nothing," said the monk who had answered him first.

"But our blessing," interposed the second monk, till then silent.

"Blessing! Bah! That won't do. I can't eat blessings!" responded the grumbling ferryman.

"God will pay you, then," said the third monk; "that will do."

"That won't do, either," answered the enraged Charon. "I'll put back again to Andernach. That I will!"

"Be it so," said the monks.

The poor ferryman put about the head of his boat, and began to row back towards Andernach, as he had threatened to do. He had, however, scarcely made three strokes of the oars, when a high wind sprung up, and the waters of the Rhine began to rise, and rage, and foam like the billows of a storm-vexed sea. Soon a hurricane of the most fearful kind followed, and swept over the chafing face of the stream like the breath of an angry god. The ferryman, in his fifty years' experience of the river, had never before beheld such a tempest—so dreadful and so sudden. He gave himself up for lost, threw away his oars, and flung himself on his knees, praying most piteously to HEAVEN for mercy. At that moment two of the dark-robed monks seized the oars which he had abandoned, while the third wrenched one of the thwarts of the boat from its place in the centre. All three then began to belabour the wretched, frightened man with all their might and main, until at length he lay senseless and without motion at the bottom of the boat. The frail bark, which was now veered about, bore them rapidly towards their original destination. The only words that passed on the occasion were an exclamation of the first monk who struck him down.

"Steer your boat aright, my friend," cried the fiend; "steer your boat aright, if you value your life, and leave off your prayers! What have you to do with God, or God with you?"

When the poor ferryman recovered his senses, day had long dawned, and he was lying alone at the bottom of his boat. He found that he had drifted far below Hammerstein, close to the shore of the right bank of the river; but he could discover no trace of his cruel companions. They had gone, and left nothing behind but the remembrance of his sufferings at their hands. With much difficulty he rowed up the river, and reached the shore. He then took to his bed for a full week, during which time he could not move a limb, such was the severity of the treatment he had received from these treacherous monks.

When he regained his health, he learned from a gossiping neighbour, that as he returned from Neuweid late that night, or early the next morning, he met, just emerging from the Devil's House, a large black chariot running on three huge wheels drawn by four horses without heads. In that vehicle he saw six monks seated *vis-a-vis*, apparently enjoying their morning ride. The driver, a curious-looking earl, with a singularly long nose, took, he said, the road along the edge of the river, and continued lashing his four coal-black, headless steeds at a most tremendous rate until a sharp turn hid them altogether from his view.

THE LATE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

ADDITIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Morning Post: Sir,—Some of the London papers have been carrying on a systematic attack against parts of the statement which I found it necessary to make relative to the treatment which Lady Flora Hastings had received at Buckingham Palace. Were I to allow that statement to be undermined in any way, I should be pointed at as a slanderer for the rest of my life. I therefore beg of you to publish a copy of the letter of my niece from which I extracted it. I have the honor to be, Sir, your very humble servant,

HAMILTON FITZGERALD.

Burlington Hotel, Aug. 8.

FROM THE LADY FLORA HASTINGS TO HAMILTON FITZGERALD, ESQ.

"Buckingham Palace, March 8, 1839.

"My dear Uncle,—Knowing what a very good-natured place Brussels is, I have not a hope that you have not already heard a story with which I am told London is ringing; but you shall at all events have from my own pen the account of the diabolical conspiracy from which it has pleased God to preserve the Duchess of Kent and myself; for that it was intended to ruin the whole concern, though I was to be the first victim, I have no more doubt than that a certain foreign lady, whose hatred to the Duchess is no secret, pulled the wires, though it has not been brought home to her yet. I told you I was ill when I came to town, having been suffering for some weeks from bilious derangement, with its agreeable accompaniments, pain in the side, and swelling in the stomach. I placed myself immediately under the care of Sir James Clark, who, being physician to the Duchess as well as to the Queen, was the natural person to consult. Unfortunately, he either did not pay much attention to my ailments, or did not quite understand them, for in spite of his medicines, the bile did not take its departure. However, by dint of walking and porter I gained a little strength; and as I did so the swelling subsided to a very remarkable degree. You may, therefore, guess my indignant surprise when, about a fortnight since, Sir James Clark came to my room and announced to me the conviction of the ladies of the Palace that I must be privately married, or at least ought to be so—a conviction into which I found him completely talked over. In answer to all his exhortations to confession, 'as the only means of saving my character,' I returned, as you may believe, an indignant but steady denial that there was anything to confess. Upon which he told me that nothing but my submitting to a medical examination would ever satisfy them and remove the stigma from my name. I found the subject had

been brought before the Queen's notice, and all this had been discussed, and arranged, and *denounced* to me, without *one* word having been said to my own mistress, one suspicion hinted, or her sanction obtained for their proposing such a thing to me. From me Sir James went to the Duchess, and announced his conviction that I was in the family way, and was followed by Lady Portman, who *conveyed* a message from her Majesty to her mother to say that the Queen would not permit me to appear till the examination had decided matters. Lady Portman (who with, you will grieve to hear, Lady Tavistock, are those whose names are mentioned as most active against me) took the opportunity of distinctly expressing her conviction of my guilt. My beloved mistress, who never for one moment *doubted* me, told them she knew me and my principles, and my family, too well to listen to such a charge. However, the edict was given. The next day, having the Duchess's very reluctant consent, for she could not bear the idea of my being exposed to such an humiliation (but I felt it right of her, and to my family and myself, that a point blank refutation should be instantly given to the lie), I submitted myself to the most rigid examination, and I have the satisfaction of possessing a certificate signed by my accuser, Sir James Clark, and also by Sir Charles Clarke, stating, as strongly as language can state it, that 'there are no grounds for believing that pregnancy does exist, or ever has existed.' I wrote to my brother, who, though suffering from influenza, came up instantly. It would be too long to attempt to detail all his proceedings, but nothing could be more manly, spirited, and judicious than his conduct. He exacted and obtained from Lord Melbourne a distinct *disavowal* of his participation in the plot, and would not leave town till he had obtained an audience of the Queen, at which, while distinctly disclaiming his belief of any wish on the part of her Majesty to injure me, he very plainly, but respectfully, stated his opinions of those who had counselled her, and his resolution to find out the originator of the slander, and bring him or her to punishment. I am quite sure the Queen does not understand what they betrayed her into. She has endeavored to show her regret by her civility to me, and expressed it handsomely with tears in her eyes. The Duchess was perfect. A mother could not have been kinder, and she took up the insult as a personal one, directed as it was at a person attached to her service, and devoted to her. She immediately dismissed Sir James Clark, and refused to see Lady Portman, and would neither re-appear, or suffer me to re-appear, at the Queen's table for many days. She has crowned her goodness by a most beautiful letter she has written to poor mama, whom the accounts, kept from her while there was a hope that matters might not become public, would reach to-day. I am told there is but one feeling as respects me, sympathy for the insult offered to one whose very name should have been a protection to her and that in many places the feeling is loudly expressed that a public reparation should have been offered me by the dismissal of the slanders. This does not however, appear to be the view of Ministers; and as personally I wish for no revenge on those who have insulted me, I cannot say I much regret it, though I doubt whether they are quite judicious as respects the general feeling. As respects Parliamentary majorities, they are with regard to the ladies. And poor Clark, who has been the women's tool, could hardly be sacrificed alone. The Duchess has stood by me gallantly, and I love her better than ever. She is the most generous-souled woman possible, and such heart! This business made her very ill. It shattered me, too, very much, and I am wretchedly thin; but, under Dr. Chambers's good management, I am getting round, and hope soon to be well. Hastings says he has not yet done with the business, nor never will while there is anything left to sift.

'Good bye, my dear uncle, I blush to send you so revolting a detail, but I wished you to know the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth—and you are welcome to tell it right and left.

—and you are welcome to tell it right and left.
Your affectionate niece. "FLORA ELIZ. HASTINGS."
"To Hamilton Fitz Gerald, Esq., 17 Rue de Namur, Brussels."

FAMILY DISPUTES

FAMILY DISPUTES.

[From the Adventures of an Attorney.]

[From the Adventures of an Attorney.]

friends for the doctor and a straight waistcoat—and after proper commotion, and a decent interval, all hurry away to the attorney, who, without more ado, retains Serjeant Wilde, issues the writ, and from that moment all go their own way to the devil! Instances sometimes occur where even less doubtful indications of guilt prove in the event to be utterly fallacious. A gentleman once consulted me in a case in which, with all my distrust in such matters, I could not help arriving at his conclusion; but happily we discovered our error in time to avoid mischief. He had been informed by one of those pests of society, the 'lady's maid,' that his wife received unusual attention from a young clergyman, who was a frequent and welcome visitor at the house, and moreover that a clandestine correspondence had long been carried on between them: a 'good night kiss,' too had twice been noticed, and duly commented on below stairs, and sundry other little liberties of no individual importance, but of large aggregate amount, proclaimed a very good understanding between the parties. After much uncomfortable espionage that led to nothing more decisive, the husband intercepted one of the aforesaid letters, and was at once convinced of his dishonour. He brought it to me without an hour's delay; and on the perusal of it and hearing of the previous occurrences, I quite concurred in his impression; with his approbation I immediately went to the lady, to intimate the necessity of her taking refuge with her friends. I found the fair one in gay spirits, seated on the sofa with the young gentleman by her side, and her sister next to him. I was embarrassed by the frank and cheerful reception I met with from all the trio. 'You are just come in time, Mr. Sharpe, we want your help.' I looked as grave as possible, while I inquired the occasion. 'We have lost a love-letter, Mr. Sharpe, and Alfred, here, is half mad about it.'—'I have it in my pocket, Ma'am,' I replied with awful gravity.—'Let me have it, my good Sir; do give it me directly,' cried the sister, suddenly jumping up from the sofa, and all but off-ring to search my pocket. 'Stay, Caroline; have patience: Mr. Sharpe, how did you obtain that letter?'—'From your husband, Madam,' still maintaining the most inflexible severity of features, but I could not preserve it long; they looked at each other at first with some blushing confusion that confirmed my impressions. As soon as she recovered herself, the lady quietly asked me whether I had read the letter, and on telling her that I had, she inquired with playful anger, how I dared to pry into other people's correspondence.—'Your husband desired me.' 'And how dare he presume to open it?'—'Because it was addressed to you.' 'So you neither of you noticed the C below the seal? that letter is my sister's, Sir; and now allow me to introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence! they were married a week ago, and have been engaged these six months!!!!' I looked like a fool, no doubt; it was clear enough that the acuteness of woman's wit immediately penetrated my errand, and a man never looks so silly as when abashed by woman's superiority; the mystery was soon explained; the clergyman expected a living from his uncle.

THE MARQUESS OF TAVISTOCK AND LADY FLORA
HASTINGS.

That readers may learn how completely this unfortunate and disgraceful affair has been converted into political capital, and made the ground work of virulent attacks on those in power, we quote the following from the *London Morning Herald*. The Marquess of Tavistock addressed a letter to the *Times*, containing this passage.

It might have been expected that the complete established and universal admission of Lady Flora's innocence, followed by the melancholy event of her death, would, *out of respect for her memory alone*, have put an end to discussions and publications which can have no possible object but that of pandering to a morbid appetite for scandal, or the still more base and revolting one of converting that unhappy lady's name and story into a source of pecuniary gain.

The *Herald* thus replies,

Doubtless there may be persons actuated by one or other of those disreputable motives which the noble lord has mentioned, but we can conceive a third motive prompting to discussion on the subject—a motive creditable to human nature—not at all regardless of what is due to the memory of the lamented dead.

While a sense of justice lives in English breasts the wrongs of innocence will excite public sympathy and attention; nor will that sympathy be the less vivid and warm because those wrongs have been consummated by the death of the victim. While a feeling of humanity constitutes a part of the English character the sufferings of an injured and persecuted woman—more especially if that woman was one who graced and ornamented her sex—will dwell upon the public mind with a mournful recollection. It is not the injured party whose memory requires the charity of silence; that charity indeed might be extended to her unpunished traducers if justice did not forbid it.

And the traducers, the successful persecutors of the virtuous fame and life of Lady Flora Hastings, *are unpunished*, and will remain so unless PUBLIC OPINION avenges the wrongs of her who has found repose only in the grave from the malice which now solicits concealment, but solicits in vain. The public feeling is too strong, the public sympathy too great, to allow an oblivion as dark as the grave itself to cover the misdeeds of those whose finished work is written in the epitaph of an untimely tomb.

Female virtue, truth, and loyalty, and honour, triumphed in the ordeal which it was compelled to undergo. The trial that vindicated the purity of innocence too severely tested nature's strength.

"The saint sustained it, but the woman died."

Respect to the memory of Lady Flora Hastings does not forbid the recollection of her sufferings nor the mention of her wrongs. When the life of the humblest subject in the realm is sacrificed to malice, or when the death of the most infirm is accelerated by any human means, the event becomes matter of investigation, not of concealment. Shall that justice be denied to the memory of Lady Flora Hastings, and to the feelings of her afflicted relatives, which, as a matter of course, is conceded in the case of the humblest subject of the British crown?

Did not Lady Flora carry her anxiety for her fair fame beyond death? Did she not overcome, in that agonising anxiety, the natural feelings of her sex, and, not satisfied that her living person had been submitted to the test of an examination most revolting to feminine delicacy, solemnly require that her mortal remains should be submitted to another, from which even masculine minds shrink with instinctive horror.

The public want to know who are really the guilty actors in the tragedy? Who were they that took advantage of the inexperience and abused the confidence of the Sovereign?—who originated the fatal calumny—and who conspired for a purpose of which Lady Flora was “only the first victim?” It is right that the innocent should be separated from the guilty, and that public opinion, through imperfect information, should not confound the one with the other. In the palace the sacrifice was begun and completed. There the devoted daughter of an illustrious line received the cruel blow—there she underwent the painful ordeal—there lay the victim in her shroud—and there her persecutors still remain?

The moral of this sad story is yet incomplete.

FIRST NIGHT OF “FIDELIO” IN AMERICA.

[We copy the following beautiful and eloquent critique from the columns of the American. The writer is evidently familiar with his subject, and writes so much in earnest that his observations cannot fail to carry conviction wherever read.]

The august shade of Beethoven received last evening a magnificent welcome in the metropolis of the New World; and the enthusiasm excited by *Fidelio*, while it cannot increase his glory whose measure is full, must redound to the honour of the audience who felt and acknowledged his power. Yes, *Fidelio* triumphed—and the victory was not only over public sentiment, but alike over the traditions of the past and the established code of musical taste;—over the memory of the gay modern opera, with its *arias* and *cantilenas* carved to fit the vocal powers of *prime donne*, and the habit which that opera has engendered, of expecting a lyric, like a necklace, to consist of pearls strung on a slender thread, instead of jewels firmly bound by the golden and inseparable links of harmony.

It was strange to watch the mode in which this musical drama calmly and majestically enthralled its new admirers. It was a process full of dignity. No smiling “Star” sought to captivate you with meretricious airs and graces, no grand duo, or *bravura solo*, redeemed this or that scene or act. Slowly and giant-like, the austere spirit of the old Master wrought upon his hearers—until they entrusted him with their souls, and yielded to the emotions he chose to command. Oh! may you give your spirit up to him fearlessly?—He will transport you to other worlds, and infuse a thousand strange and thrilling sensations—will cradle you in his arms until, in admiration of his strength, you forget how powerful you are, and when he has poured those notes into your ear, and you are filled with tremblings, as of golden wires half conscious of their own thrilling—he leaves you petrified, enchanted—in a silent dream, where even the echoes have subsided.

Hush! the overture is his voice. He bids you prepare to listen to a lay of love and hate, of woman’s devotion, and of man’s revenge, with such episodes as real life furnishes—unaided by art or fancy. There is no Zamiel’s voice—for the tempter is not near, but dwells in the depths where from time to time you, the gentlest of our readers, may hear him challenging your own heart. Nor is there a gay dance as in Juan. Our drama lies in a prison—and joyous hearts are not the tenants of its mournful walls.

The curtain rises. There is a sweet lass for a jailer’s daughter, and she loves not the swain to whom her heart was half promised, until *Fidelio* came. Him, too, the old jailer cherishes, for, though he arrived there poor and friendless, his gentle air and sweet voice have shed their light among the dungeons, and made the fortress glad. Ah, *Fidelio!* you must wed *Marcelline*; and yet, she feels no tremor in your arms, as if you were a man, but loves you as a brother. Poor *Jacopo*, thy suit is hopeless—they are to be married next week.

“And may I be your aid, *Rocco*—your task is so rude? and as you older grow, methinks you sometimes sink under it.”

“Yes, *Fidelio!* but why so anxious?”

“First, that I may have your confidence; next that because I love, I would aid you.”

“And do I not trust you when I give you my little *Marcelline*?—Tis well, gentle lad—you shall attend me in all my rounds, save one.”

“And that?”

“Is to the prisoner in the lowest dungeon—hush, lest the walls should hear me—who is pining away, and soon will pine no longer.”

“Oh, God!”

“Why that start, *Fidelio*?”

“Poor prisoner, I think of him—know you his name?”

“I do not.”

“Oh, let me go thither with you to see one so sad!”

That prisoner is *Florestano*. That lad, his wife, who, attired in yon boyish dress, has waited patiently many a day to see if her long-lost lord indeed lies in the bosom of these dungeons. Her face is full of soul, and her voice of melody. She has won our hearts, as well as the jailor’s and *Marcelline*’s.

The Governor is come to inspect his trust, and among the letters old *Rocco* hands him is one that blanches his face.—

“The minister has heard that some are captive in your fortress who do not belong there, and is coming to take you by surprise—Beware!”

“S’deth—if he discover *Florestano* I am lost—my accursed enemy must die to-night—no, this very hour. Ho, there! station one upon the watch-tower to sound a blast, should he see a guarded equipage approaching—and send me the jailor here.”

The Governor’s visage is dark with evil passions. Woe to the *deceitful* one!

“Old man, thou hast served me well, and I will reward thee.

“Thanks, noble lord”—

“But there is one last act I shall require of thee—and for this, thy pay shall be princely.”

“And that?”

“Hark ye—the prisoner—he whose food thou hast diminished for a month past—must die. He was to have perished long since, but my mercy spared him until now, when the minister is at hand, who, if he find him alive, will visit his vengeance upon my head, with ruin.”

“You would not have me slay him, my lord?”

“No! my hand shall end his days—so thou wilt but prepare his grave.”

“It is my duty.”

* * * * *

“Please, father, let the prisoners come forth and see the blessed sun to-day”—

“Oh do, good *Rocco*! for my sake and for charity’s.”

“I dare not, my children, the Governor is here.”

“Oh! he will not object—he just asked a favor of you.”

“Well, *Fidelio*, open the gates.”

Let us pause a moment to listen to that surprisingly beautiful chorus—The voice of misery, as hope dawns upon it, mingled with a prayer of resignation to the celestial Powers. Poor prisoners! To the freemen in the pit your joy at the light of day seems strange, unnatural. Knew they what chains are forged by tyranny in this blessed world—that touching hymn would penetrate their inmost hearts. Pass into the garden, captives; we are all prisoners like ye, but the soul cannot be fettered.

“*Fidelio!* come hither. Why art thou gazing so earnestly in their faces? The governor consents you shall be my assistant, with a handsome salary, too; nay, this very day we descend together to the secret cell of him I spoke of.”

“Oh joy!—I shall see the captive.”

“Yes! for the first and last time.”

“Heavens! he is not dead?”

“No, but he will soon enter a happier world—silence, here comes his highness.”

* * * * *

“Boy, leave us! *Rocco*, is all prepared?”

“Aye, your highness; but, pray what is his crime whom we are about to bury?”

“Treason and blasphemy! Why that question? You would not suspect me of murder? But, hasten! There is not a moment to lose—follow me!”

Ah, tyrant! your words have been overheard by her anxious ear, whose eye is fixed upon you with the intensity of despair. The fatal moment draws near. One effort more, one struggle for courage and serenity! Hear how that anguished wife pours forth her soul in melody; see how she summons her energies and invokes Providence to her aid. Such music never was coupled to such dramatic power upon those boards, since the days of Malibran; and a purer, chaster voice than this surely never appealed to your kindlier sympathies. You are not asked to applaud. But you follow its writhings, as if your own heart were tortured.

“What! no applause—after that magnificent *scena*,—none for the trio that ensues? Dear me, I fear it will be a failure.” “Patience, my friend! Give the public time, and trust to Beethoven—he will maintain his own glory. Fear not, his is the sway of an enchanter, which often strikes dumb.”

Those bursts of enthusiasm greeted the melting hymn of sorrow, now dying on the lips of the captive, whose heart beats to the clank of his fetters, in yonder gloomy dungeon. He now lies exhausted upon his couch. *Fidelio* and *Rocco* are seen descending the stairway. While the jailer is digging a grave, *Fidelio* seeks to recognise the features of the sleeping prisoner—but her eyes are blinded by tears. He awakes—she hears his well-known voice—

“Why, *Fidelio*, how you tremble!”

“Tis the cold, *Rocco*—and you, too, are agitated.”

“Well, I am a little moved.”

“Good jailer, give me a drop of water, or I die with thirst.”

“I have no water, but to this little remnant of wine you are welcome.”

“Pray, who is the Governor of this Fortress?”

“Well, I may tell him that!—Don Pizarro.”

“Pizarro! Fly to Madrid, seek out my wife, the lady Leonora Flores-tano, tell her that I, her husband, am pining in this dungeon.”

“I cannot.”

See that agitated wife, controlling the heart that leaps towards her husband,—that he may be saved.

Hark! The hour is come. The Governor enters,—drives forth the lad,—and, tiger-like, approaches his defenceless victim. His poniard is bare, and his hate flashes out in fury, as he once more beholds its object.

“Die! Florestano! Ha!—who comes between me and my revenge? Away, child!”

But that child springs from the earth on which the dastard’s hand had cast him, and again interposes. This time it is the wife who defends her husband, as the lioness crouches before her young.

“Shall a woman baffle Pizarro?”

The dagger is brandished anew—

“Stand back!”—for in each of those gentle hands Death frowns, in a loaded pistol—

“Rave on, assassin! Listen to that trumpet which calls you hence! It is your master’s bidding!”

When woman’s love had achieved its purpose, and that wife had rescued her husband—when the benign will that condemned the murderer to die, welcomed the victim to life, and reinstated *Florestano* in his honors; and after all these events had been summed up in a magnificent *finale* which filled the air with waves of harmony, and pervaded the whole house—then the untutored enthusiasm of the masses that crowded it, burst forth, and echoed the sublime tones in which the voice of Beethoven appeals to posterity.

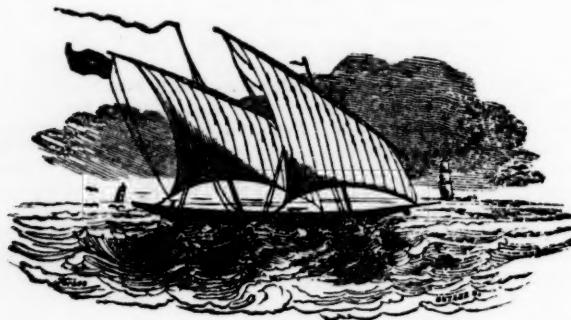
September 10th.

S.

The Corsair.

BEAUTY OF PRUSSIAN WOMEN.—Berlin is considered one of the cities of Germany most celebrated for female beauty. The ladies are, literally speaking, fair, and peculiarly happy in the elegance of their figures. They walk with much feminine grace, and are, above all, esteemed the most literary, talented, and high-bred of the German women.

I had one day the accidental good fortune to see one of these belles standing opposite to the most faultless and beautiful creation of art which adorns the picture gallery; and so equal were the rival claims to admiration of the animate and the inanimate beauty, that it would have been difficult to decide on which to bestow the palm, had not the former, possibly imagining the comparison that could not fail to be made, been piqued into assuming her prettiest smile, and the victory was then no longer doubtful.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1839.

JOTTINGS DOWN IN LONDON.

NUMBER SIX.

Theatrical amusement, which in other places serves as a vent to enthusiasm, or as a safety-valve to the suppressed stillness of common life, is in London so much less exciting than every day routine, that it must be unusual attraction to take one to Covent Garden or Drury Lane. On my first two years in England, I was only once in either theatre, albeit fond of a play, and a day or two since I found myself hesitating between Henry V. at seven, and a May Fair dinner at eight,—decided in favour of the play at last by the appealing look of a schoolboy brother-in-law, who was to be my companion.

After a cup of coffee at Verey's, somewhat to encourage the digestive process of a hasty and indifferent "beefsteak at lodgings," I embarked my handsome and intelligent little friend in what he called an "omnibus chop," (a newly invented cab, like the end of an omnibus upon two wheels) and threading all the intricacies of St. Giles's and the Seven Dials, we were set down for a shilling at the door of Covent Garden. A shilling (much more easily earned) procured us the notice of the box-keeper, who seated us near the stage, and I had just time to point out Mr. Babbidge the calculator, who happened to be three seats from us, when the curtain rose and discovered "Time the chorus" in beard, scythe, and russet.

Vandenhoff delivered this and the succeeding speeches of Time, (one at the beginning of every act, you remember) with "good emphasis and discretion." As he went on, the clouds which the lifting of the curtain had disclosed, rolled up and away, and superb tableaux glided past, representing the scene and personages of the act that was to follow. This was Stanfield's work, and nothing could possibly be more admirable and magnificent than the drawing and effect. The King's embarkation at Southampton, the passage of the fleet, its arrival in France, the siege of Harfleur, the French and English camps, and watch fires, the King's pavilion, etc., were all pictures done in the highest style of art. It was wonderful how this double representation—this scenic presentment to the eye, added to the interest and meaning of the play. Light as the mere dramatic interest of Henry V. is, it kept us on the stretch of excitement from the opening to the close.

There was no chance for Macready's acting, of course, in Henry V., but he was most carefully and sumptuously dressed, and walked through his part with propriety, failing only in the love-scene with Katherine at the close, which he made, I thought, unnecessarily coarse and rude. Miss Vandenhoff (who has sailed for America) looked extremely handsome in the character, besides playing it capitally well. Pistol was shockingly overdone, and the best played part of all, to my thinking, was the French Herald. Altogether, the play, as all London has acknowledged, was exceedingly creditable to Macready's taste, as well as his liberty and enterprise, and I hope with all my heart that the plan for building

him a theatre to be devoted exclusively to the legitimate drama, will be speedily put in operation.

A night or two after, I was at Covent Garden again to see Bulwer's new play of Richelieu. It was gorgeously got up, and the dramatic points were elaborated and studied with the nicest knowledge of the actor. I looked in vain for the passages I had admired in reading the play. They were mercilessly cut out—but with only (it seemed to me) a single poetical passage, Richelieu's address to his pen, the action of the piece kept up an unbroken and intense interest in the house. It proved to me what I have thought ever since I first saw a new play produced, that more than half the success of the best production depends on the *skill and scissors of the manager*.

And talking of managers, I have taken, since my last letter, what is called in England a *frisk*, and in the course of my circuit through Surrey and Sussex, passed one day very delightfully with Wallack at Brighton. Here found I our gay Prospero of the "National," with his household gods and his beautiful boys all about him, as much at home, though you scarce miss him in his flittings from New York, as the most inveterate promenader upon the Cliff—the "how d'ye do," of his hundred acquaintances no more dramatic, though he was arrived but a week or two from America, nor his hospitalities less ample and particular, though he was to mount in twelve hours the chain-lightning of the Age-coach, rail-road and steamer, to do the three thousand miles back again in a fortnight. Shakspeare's Ariel is like to turn out a very common lad, if travel goes on improving.

Brighton is like a great city, built entire, and at one job, to order. It is fresh and modern all over. It looks finished, too, for there is no sign of building, and in that it is unlike an American city. Wallack did the honours of the town with great kindness, lionizing us in his "leathern convenience" from end to end of the superb "cliffs"—which cliffs are broad streets, beautifully Macadamised, with rows of Palaces on one side, and the surf of the sea on the other. I think the two cliffs, which form a crescent with the Queen's Pavilion and the chain pier in the centre, are something more than three miles long. The most magnificent feature in this long terrace, is a succession of squares, receding from the beach, and with one side open to the sea—the houses are of a very highly ornamented style of building, and surmounted with balconies, low windows and belvederes, so as to command from every room and chamber a prospect of the sea. These three-sided squares are all large, with an enclosed park in the centre, and in such a windy place as Brighton, form very snug and sheltered promenades to the slender-legged invalid, and the sail-carrying dame. Kemp Town, as it is called, forms the eastern extremity of the horn, and the Square last built, though standing a hundred feet above the beach, has subterranean passages running under the street, and connecting every house with baths on the sea. This is the finest bit of Brighton in point of architecture, and in one of its plainest houses lives the Duke of Devonshire.

The other features of the cliffs are small phætons to let for children, drawn each by a pair of goats, well groomed and appointed; hand carriages for invalids; all sorts of pony chaises sputtering about with fat ladies, and furnished invariably with the smallest conceivable boy behind; any quantity of lumbering "double flys" or two horse coaches, drawn by one wretched skeleton of an animal, and occupied usually by a fat cit and his numerous family; great numbers of remarkably single-looking ladies, hanging to their parasols with one hand and fighting the wind out of their petticoats with the other; yellow-visaged East Indians forgetting their livers while they watch the struggles of these unwilling aeronauts; here and there a dandy, looking blue and damp with the chill of the salt air; and all along the beach, half in the water and half in the sand, in singular contrast to all this *townishness*, groups of rough sailors cleaning their boats, drying their nets, and cooking their messes on cross sticks, apparently as unconscious of the luxury and magnificence on the other side of the street, as if it were a *mirage* on the horizon.

The Royal Pavilion is not on the sea, and all you can see of it from the street, is a great number of peaked balloons, some small and some large, which peer above the shrubbery and wall, like the tops of the castors beyond a dish of salad. Whether it was this appetising spectacle, or the chill of the air in a very agreeable though a very dampish drive, I was never more pleased at the conclusion of a day than with the turtle-soup, turbot, and turkey, with which Wallack wound up the wonders of Brighton. I know what the critics think of travellers who venture to acknowledge that they eat, but I must summon up courage to record the fact, that this was a glorious dinner, gloriously done justice to, and the critics may take their will of me.

The seed of this great flower upon the sea-side, was a whim of George the Fourth's, and to the excessive fright of the Brightelmstonians, little Victoria has taken a particular dislike to it, and makes her visits briefer and briefer. The population, with the exception of tradespeople, and a small circle of professional persons, and invalid families, is as transient as

that of Saratoga, and if her Majesty should succeed in making the place unfashionable, Persepolis and Thebes will be a joke to it. The last and newest speculator is Nugee, the tailor, who has invested a small fortune in some superb houses at Kemp Town, and he is likely to keep up his character as "the sufferer."

Left London again by coach for the Vicarage of B—in Sussex. Our fellow "insides" were a stout, farmer-looking man with the rheumatism, attended by a very pretty maid-servant, who, after helping him in, mounted to the box with the driver, and a spinster-looking lady with a wintry bloom on her cheek, who had brought a copy of Young's Night Thoughts to read on the road, but fell asleep before we reached the "Elephant and Castle," and kept nodding with her mouth wide open and a sweet smile on her face for thirty miles. Our waking companion confined his remarks to the ripeness of the corn in the different fields we passed, and we had, consequently, one window of the coach and our attention to ourselves.

The "Elephant and Castle" is perhaps the most amusing point on this side of London, but having omitted to describe it, before it became familiarized to me, I am at a loss how to convey to you the features which strike a stranger, and which indeed, are the only ones by which any idea of it could be conveyed in a description. The Inn (of which the sign is an elephant with a castle on his back) stands at the confluence of all the roads which lead Southward out of London. It is about a mile from Charing Cross, and a mile from London Bridge, the two *wrists* of the Great Metropolis. The West End and city coaches for Brighton and Dover, have branch coaches which bring passengers from the opposite end of London to this point; and for the purpose of meeting these, and taking up passengers who come hither from every point in the cabs and private carriages, every coach makes a stop here of twenty minutes. This is the great starting point also of innumerable omnibuses to every quarter of town and city, a great stand for jarveys, cabs, etc., and a nest of eating-houses, ale houses, and gin-shops. Of course here assemble all itinerant vendors of cheap razors, cheap pen-knives, ballads, oranges, soda-water, and watch-guards, and of all these articles, as you sit in the coach, you have the offer in most eloquent Cockney and Irish, for prices ridiculously trifling. The two aristocratic races of loungers at the "Elephant," however, are news-boys—who carry in one hand the Times, Herald, and other respectable papers, and in the other the Paul Pry, Satirist, Crim. Con Gazette, &c.—and the cads and helpers to the coaches, who live by six-pences for putting up baggage, calling cabs, and arresting distant omnibuses, and by picking up what "gentlemen" drop out of their pockets in the hurry of departure. The Elephant and Castle is the High College of slang, and these two last classes are its professors. Here originate all those brilliant expressions characteristic of "Life in London," the "all round my hat," "does your mother know you're out," etc. etc.—familiar to all readers of flash papers, sporting chronicles, etc.

The dresses and manners of these two classes of slang makers are widely different. The newsman wears the worst possible hat, usually decorated with a crape, a black coat of the highest polish by grease and rain, no shirt, but a very smart black glass breast-pin, holding together the stringy ends of his cravat, and the remains of a silk pocket-handkerchief, stuck in his breast when it does not rain, spread over his newspapers when it does. The moment the coach stops, four "daily's" arranged like a fan are thrust before your eyes, entirely closing the coach window (if you are conversing with a friend or watching the purloining of your carpet bag, it is all one), and immediately follows the one speech for the day, conned as regularly as a schoolboy's lesson, and intended to convey an inviting picture of the news within. "'Oospiper, Sir! Buy the morning pippers, Sir! Times, Herald, Crinnicle, and Munning Post, Sir!—contains Lud Brum's entire innihilation of Lud Nummanby—Liddy Flor' Esting's murder by Lord Milburn and them Maids o' Honner—debate on the croolty to Hannimals Bill, and a fatal catstrophy in conskens of Loosfer matches! Which'll y'have, Sir! sixpence, only sixpence!" Here he pauses for a reply, getting a look at your face between the spread corners of his fan, which proving unpromising, he raises the contents of his left hand, another expanded fan, ingeniously exposing the names of all the scandal chronicles of the Metropolis. His recommendation of these is invariably in a suppressed and confidential tone. "Vot do you say to the 'Paul Pry,' Sir? Here they be—'Crim-Con-Gazette,' 'Age,' 'Satirist,'—you can't conceive, Sir! 'Vy, all the sins o' the Vest End are there, Sir, with the most histeresting partiklers! See that pictur! Ain't that vell done? There's Bochsa, Sir, a-makin o' love to Missus Bishop—natural as life! I've seed 'em often! Buy it, Sir! Take 'em all for sixpence! Do, Sir." This touching appeal having failed at both windows, he commences the first speech again to the outside passengers, usually designating the individual at whose attention he aims by some person 1 peculiarity. "You, Sir, with that werry gentle pattern of a veskit"—or "the gemman the bar-maid is a-oglin out o' the vinder—yes, Sir!"

she's smit with your gold spectacles, and no mistake!—buy the 'Munning Post,' Sir!"

The *cad* is quite another style of person. He is dressed in a drab' slashy-looking, painfully-shabby driving coat, made originally for a man of twice his stature, and having one solitary and superb relic of its former glory in a single huge mother-of-pearl button, left somewhere on the breast. His hat is rigidly small-rimmed, and pulled over his left eye as pertinaciously as if he were taking sight by the hollow and well-worn crescent of felt which shews the pull of his thumb; his nose is purple—the carbuncles of the gin and beer contending with the lividness of perpetual chill from standing out of doors; and the most worn spots in his coat, oddly enough are the two shoulders, either from his habit of always nudging the next cad with his "I say, Bob!" when he is about saying something witty, or from leaning by the hour against the post of the gin-shop. As he never takes his hands from his coat pockets except to receive a sixpence or square away for a fight, his shoulders naturally do all the reminding, shoving, and leaning, besides most adroitly supplying the place occasionally of both hand and pocket-handkerchief to the above-mentioned purple organ. The *cad* is never a fool, indeed he requires to have great quickness, uncommon impudence, wit, and courage. He is usually some turned-off tiger who proved too wicked for a recommendation, or a second rate boxer who is within one, of Molyneux and Dutch Sam, and probably has seen life in many shapes, and the inside of most prisons before he is sufficiently reduced and accomplished to be willing to turn *cad*, and steal and bully under the very noses of the police. I should have mentioned that amid the crowd at "the Elephant" are constantly seen perambulating three or four policemen in their blue coats and glazed hats ready to pounce upon every offender, but meantime on joking and drinking terms with the undetected *cads* and newsmen. It is very unwise to be savage with the *cad*, and it is rather uncomfortable to decline his services when he sees that you might get on the better for them. The best way is to accept his offer at once, to tell him exactly what you want, and so be rid of all his fraternity, and your own embarrassment. It is a kind of sixpenny toll levied in favour of the brotherhood, which is best paid without grumbling, unless you are very well acquainted at "the Elephant." I was very much amused a week or two since with the power of description displayed by one of these gentry. Staying with a friend about ten miles from London, and having occasion to drive in town, I had requested my servant to wait for me at this spot—no omnibus or coach going beyond the Elephant after midnight. I arrived about two, and found a single maudlin *cad* see-sawing against the rail in front of the Inn. "Vot's your honour looking arter!" he asked as I came up. "A servant of mine! Have you seen one waiting about here?" "Vot! a flunkie with blue plush and a *skirt* in his peeper!" "Exactly!" "Walk in and set down, your honour, and I'll bring him directly. He's taken up the road arter a young woman as I knows, and I'll bring him while your honour smokes a cigar!"

How he had remarked, drunk as he was, that the man wore blue plush breeches, and had a squint in his eye (so slight that I did not myself perceive it till he had been some days in my service) must be accounted for by the general knowingness of the tribe. My officious friend soon brought the object of his search, helped him get out the cabriolet from a shot-up stable, wished me a "werry good night's rest," and after getting my shilling, levied a small fine slyly upon the man for not telling where he found him.

N.P.W.

THE GREAT STEAM SHIPS.

There seems to have been, over the water, a greater excitement even than here, as to the relative speed of the Great Western and the British Queen. We find in many of our London papers this matter warmly discussed, not which actually won the great race across the Atlantic, but how far the G. W. beat the B. Q. One party claims 247 miles—the other reduces it down to 124 miles. They started from New York, it will be recollect, on the 1st of August. The G. W. arrived out at 5.30 A. M. on the 14th—the B. Q. at 9. A. M. on the 15th; and now, allow five hours for the difference in time between King-road and Spithead. The difference in time both were at sea, allowing for the half hour's start of the G. W., was 27 hours—from which take 5, and 22 remain. Thus the matter is stated in what seems a fair representation of their comparative speed.

The Great Western again left England on the 24th, and reached us on the 10th, at meridian; making the passage in 16½ days. By her we are in possession of our London papers from the 10th to the 23d inclusive, and have received from our diligent correspondents and associate, ample means of carrying on the war with renewed vigor and spirit. The packet ship of the 2d of August has not yet arrived, and it is now getting so late that we have ceased to deplore the loss of all our Magazines for that month, which were shipped from Liverpool by her, and which, we hope, may have at least contributed to console the poor passengers who are now tossing about the ocean at the tender mercies of wind and wave.

MR. WILLIS'S PLAYS.

We have received a splendid copy of *Tortesa and Bianca Visconti*, in one volume from the press of Hugh Cunningham, London. They appear very beautiful in their English dress, and we hope will find readers and admirers on the other side of the Atlantic as they surely found here. We observe in one or two American prints an intimation that the plays were utterly condemned by the English critics. So far as we can learn, this is not the fact. Some, doubtless, will find fault with them; some, perhaps, pronounce them undramatic and unreadable; but there are others, of equal reputation as scholars and impartial critics, who have already expressed their admiration of these plays in terms of the highest praise.

The London Observer in noticing them, after bestowing unmeasured commendation on the prose writings of Mr. Willis, thus speaks of the two plays:—

The dramas before us prove that Mr. Willis possesses a fine perception of what constitutes the beautiful in poetry. They are studded with poetical excellencies of a very high order. The passages to which we refer are remarkable alike for the felicity of their conception and the beauty of their expression. These dramas are also full of incidents of a striking kind, and are so skilfully constructed with a view to stage effect, that, were the leading characters properly personated, they could not fail to be triumphantly successful on our English boards, as they proved in the principal theatre of New York.

We have ventured to allude to this subject, not that we entertain any apprehension that the misrepresentations of any one will materially affect the literary character of our associate, but as an act of justice to an American author, whose friends and admirers in his native country will be pleased to learn that there are those abroad who participate with them in their favourable estimation of his writings.

The Theatre.

The present has been a week of greater excitement in theatrical circles than we have known in this city for some years. Stars of all degrees of magnitude culminated on Monday evening, and were more or less resplendent in their respective orbits. None, we believe, "shot madly from their spheres," though some surely twinkled with a "lesser light" than had been anticipated. We will begin with

THE PARK.

As early as in the month of June last we announced in our columns the individual engagements of the present Operatic company at this theatre. From that time to the present their professional merits and European reputations have been the theme of theatrical critics, and on Monday evening these opinions of the press were put to the test of a fair and impartial trial of the imputed skill, powers, and science of the entire company.

The Park was early filled with a brilliant throng: ladies and gentlemen of musical pretensions, critics and amateurs, eagerly awaited the going up of the curtain. The orchestra under its new leader, Mr. Thomas, lulled the audience into silence and passive admiration by its admirable execution of the overture of the celebrated opera of Fidelio, by the German composer Beethoven. The selection of this German composition by the troupe was indicative of their confidence in their powers, and was an earnest of their ability to fulfil its great requirements. Musicians tell us that it is a most masterly effort of genius, abounding in all the elements of a sublime, lyrical opera, and demanding all the skill and power of the best musicians. The story is simple, but most touching in its incidents, yet affording little opportunity for scenic display, or brilliancy of costume,—a much more important feature in opera with our audiences than its immortal composer could have ever imagined.

Miss Poole first presented herself, and at once secured the sympathies of the house by her beauty and her artless confusion. Gradually recovering the command of her voice as she became assured of the kindness of her audience, it soon became manifest that she possessed a strong, musically toned voice, that poured forth at will with a clearness that rang on the ear like the sound of silver bells. Every one was satisfied that she deserved the rank assigned her, and she modestly received the tokens of admiration that came warm from the hands of all.

Now came Mr. Martyn, the very picture of Harrison, whom a favourite at the Park, and he, too, rendered his music skilfully and with effect. His voice is a tenor, not of great compass, but pleasing and particularly rich in its lower tones.

Shortly followed "the faithful Fidelio"—Mrs. Martyn—late Miss Inverarity,—dressed in the garb of a poor youth in the employment of the jailer, Rocco. Here, then, was the Prima Donna, a tall, well formed, and interesting looking lady, evidently trembling with apprehension, and almost dismayed at the task which she had assumed. A burst of sympathetic emotion, and a warm welcome, helped to restore her confidence, as she came imploringly down the stage to evidence her ability to sustain the reputation which had been claimed for her by her friends. Throughout the opera Mrs. Martyn was listened to with rapt attention, and every al-

lowance was made for the agitation of a first appearance, but we are pain-ed to say, that though science and skill did their utmost, she did not fully realize the expectations which had been indulged in by an audience, anxiously ready to award her the homage of their approbation. Her voice is thin, and wanting in power, yet modulated with infinite art, and sometimes reaching a point of brilliant execution. The music of the part is, doubtless, most difficult, requiring the exercise of the very highest order of vocal talent to give it its full effect, we therefore hope to see this excellent lady recover, in a less exacting and perplexed role, an elevation in her profession to which she may confidently aspire.

Mr. Giubilei appeared in the rich costume of the Governor, and soon established the justice of his claim to the high reputation which has been awarded him in England. His voice is powerful and melodious, his acting spirited, and his figure commanding. He may well be satisfied with the triumph he achieved, in a part by no means affording the best opportunity for the full display of his powers.

The first tenor does not appear until the opening of the last act, and Mr. Manvers as the forlorn inhabitant of a gloomy prison, evidences with surprising ability, his power over the music allotted him. The house was at once electrified, and his faultless execution received the loudest plaudits. We do not remember a richer, fuller toned tenor. With ample compass of voice his impassioned notes rang through his prison house, and were reverberated with a delicious echo, that fell clear and thrilling on the ears of the breathless audience. Mr. Manvers has already won a high reputation which cannot fail to be enhanced by his future exertions.

At the fall of the curtain this talented company of strangers were most vociferously called for, and making their appearance, bowed their thanks crossing the stage. Not content with rendering this compliment, the house demanded the appearance of Mr. Simpson, who, instantly coming forward, thanked his friends for their kind appreciation of his endeavours to gratify their love of music, and for their generous reception of his new company of musicians.

On the whole, and after hearing the opera repeated, we must congratulate the Manager on the success which has so deservedly attended the production of this sublime specimen of German music. If in an opera so serious and sometimes heavy, his troupe can command the admiration of a discerning auditory, he need feel little anxiety as to their ability to give entire satisfaction in the more popular and showy operas of the day.

On Thursday and Friday evenings, in addition to the Opera, we had presented a new Ballet, in which the Taglionis appeared with Madame Giubilei. This was a most judicious arrangement, and relieved the entertainments from all appearance of heaviness. Madame Giubilei made her debut in a *pas de deux*, between the first and second acts of the Opera, and was most cordially received. She is beautiful, dances prettily, and cannot fail to become a favorite. The Taglionis surpassed even themselves, and received their reward in the ready acclimations of the spectators. The gallant and generous support which the Taglionis gave to the *debutante* gave great pleasure to their admirers, and evidenced a magnanimity of soul not always discoverable in those who suppose they have attained an elevation in their profession.

THE NATIONAL.

While the Park has been introducing to us a whole galaxy of Stars, whose united light has thrown a radiant sunshine on the languishing fortunes that have long lowered over all exertions to win the public's approbation, the worthy Lessee of the National rested, for the time, his confidence on the brilliancy and attractiveness of a single luminary to guide him on to triumphant success.

Mr. Charles Kean returned to America with a popularity that could scarcely be enhanced, and with a reputation in his profession that was almost dangerous to possess. His appearance on Monday evening in Hamlet was hailed by his friends as an advent most devoutly to be thankful for. The house was filled to the very roof, with ardent admirers of the genius of his father and by those who believed the mantle of the departed tragedian could not be worn ingloriously by the son.

This young scion of a noble stock was greeted with welcomes such as we never saw bestowed on an actor. Most tenderly was he affected, and the rolling of his dewy eye betokened how perfectly he appreciated the elements of that feeling which prompted the enthusiastic outburst.

The play proceeded, and the first sad tones of the philosophic Dane well interpreted the emotions that filled the bosom of the actor, as he received the indications of a people's memory of his father, and the transfer of their affection and admiration to the person of the son.

The play continued on, but it was soon manifest that either Mr. Kean was partly overcome by his emotions, or was laboring under the disadvantage of a severe hoarseness. Point after point presented themselves, but were passed over without an effort, or at least without any striking effect. His intonations were so low that his voice did not fill the house, and marred immensely the force of every passage.

We feel that it would be unjust to pursue the criticism of a performance presented under circumstances so inauspicious, and shall therefore withhold any analysis of Mr. Kean's manner of rendering this "test play" to all candidates for the honor of fitly representing the heroes of Shakspeare. We should do injustice to ourselves did we omit to record our admiration of the masterly manner in which the "closet scene" with the queen was enacted, and the general character of the playing throughout—giving evidence as it did of thoughtful study and a matured intellect.

On Tuesday we patiently sat through the entire play of "New way to Pay Old Debts," listening attentively to Mr. Kean's "Sir Giles," but, save at the concluding scene, we were impressed with the belief of his continued hoarseness. In that scene, however, he burst the bonds that appeared to chain him to an indifferent personation, and completely electrified the house by an exhibition of passion that was as terrific as it was sublime. We never saw a more thrilling scene. The illusion was complete, and for the first time we forgot the actor and thought only of the disappointed and distracted madman.

We trust we have not done injustice in these hasty remarks to this promising young tragedian. Far, very far, is it from our intention to do so. Yet we cannot believe that with the same compass of voice and physical power displayed on the boards of the National, he could have achieved that confessedly high reputation which he enjoys at home.—We therefore, in all charity, attribute Mr. Kean's partial failure, or rather, his short-coming in realizing our elevated expectations, to some temporary indisposition from which we most heartily pray he may soon recover.

On Friday Mr. Wallack was announced to play Tortesa, and judging from his decided success in this character on former occasions, we cannot doubt the popular Lessee was greeted on the occasion with a house full of admiring friends.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE;

Madame Vestris was in town in the course of last week, and like a theatrical queen (as she is) held her first levee for the season at Covent Garden Theatre. We understand that several performers were engaged, but the expectations of many more were disappointed. The principal contract entered into was certainly one of importance, for it ensured the services of Ellen Tree for at least a portion of the approaching season.—The articles are only for a limited number of nights, for, as we said last week, Ellen Tree positively refuses to enter into terms with any manager for the year. We are informed that she is to play at two separate periods, each for only a few nights, much fewer, we have no doubt, than will satisfy the public, and we consequently look for a renewal, though it may be prudent not to encourage any such notion too much. Of late years stars have not thought fit to bind themselves down to more than from 12 to 20 performances at a time, and such we believe to be the case with Ellen Tree.—*London Paper.*

At Drury Lane it is stated that much is going on within the house, but it certainly makes little show on the outside. Some new interior arrangements are highly praised, but really the classing of the scenery and letting lights into the wings are not of much consequence to the public.—What we want are good plays and good performers: of the former, to be sure we have an abundance; but we might just as well be without them if we have not the latter. What is most of all required at this moment is, that the profession of the stage should be elevated. Heaven knows how much has been done within the last seven years to degrade it, with the kind aid of the sub-committee of Drury Lane. Never let the obligations of the town and of the profession to that sagacious body be forgotten! To act properly the higher parts of tragedy and comedy requires gentlemanly education, feelings, and deportment; and while the stage remains what it is we never shall have gentlemen adopt it as a means of subsistence and independence. An actor, at present is, to a certain degree, an equivocal personage in society; he hardly knows his place or his level, he therefore feels awkwardly circumstanced wherever he goes.—This must be remedied; and when actors conduct themselves properly they must be well received in company, or the number of gentlemen on the boards will every day become fewer and fewer. We speak plainly, but we speak truly. A poor author in one sense is on an equality with a peer, but the claim even of a rich actor would not willingly be recognized, even if it were recognized at all.—*Ib.*

The Haymarket is become a sort of half-way house for actors on the move from one theatre to another—a Thespian hotel, at which Transatlantic voyagers put up for a few nights previous to going on board or directly on stepping ashore—a stage for "farewells" and "first appearances;" its announcements resemble the list of arrivals and departures at a fashionable hotel; and this week they run thus. Arrivals—Mr. POWER, from the provinces; Mr. MACREADY and suite, from Covent Garden, on his way to Drury; Miss ELLEN TREE, from a tour in the United States. Not that all these eminent performers are visible at once; Mr. WEBSTER, who is a very Herschel, for discerning the approach of erratic stars, is economical of their lustre, and only brings one luminary of the galaxy into the field of his reflector at a time. This week Power is in the ascendant, and his mirthful influence has been sensibly felt in the region of the diaphragm: Macready will culminate next week; and the sensations of choking and sobbing consequent on his appearance will be counteracted in some degree by the more exhilarating power. Ellen Tree—erewhile the lost Pleiad of the theatrical hemisphere—will not be visible till the Irish star is below the horizon.—*Ib.*

THE CHARTISTS FLOORED.—The London Morning Chronicle thus concludes a very sensible article on the recent outbreaks in England:—"The Chartist diversion is almost over. We do not mean that the political principles of Chartism are, or are likely to be, extinct. But the brief career of violence draws towards its close. The hot-headed, or false-hearted leaders, by whose cowardly councils it was instigated, have evidently little hold on the great body of working-men, or Ultra-Radical politicians. Ministers have obtained whatever they asked from Parliament for the preservation of the public peace. So far as that purpose was concerned, their hands have been strengthened by all parties. Nor have they been thwarted by juries: every material conviction which they sought for they have obtained. They have been strong enough and wise enough to blend mercy with justice. Some local outbreaks may yet exhibit the struggles of the expiring spirit of delusion, but substantially it is quelled. And this has been accomplished by the repression of violence, not the suppression of political opinion. The condition of Chartism offers no excuse for postponing the mention of political or social reforms. It presents every inducement for a Government to display its purposes, and to prepare itself for their realization."

THE QUILL AND THE SWORD.

Mr. John Brent, who lives near Canterbury, sent to the *Morning Chronicle* an account of an outrage on his son's property, and of a personal insult to himself, committed on the 5th ultimo by six officers of the Eleventh Light Dragoons. The Editor indulged in some remarks on the conduct of the officers, which drew from the Commanding Officer of this Regiment a warm reply, concluding thus:—

"With regard to the opinion which you have so unwarrantably published to the world in the leading article of your journal, viz.: 'that I have a very imperfect idea of what is due from one gentleman to another,' I have only to reply, that such an assertion is an *infamous and scandalous falsehood*, and that it is fortunate for you that you are the anonymous editor of a newspaper.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"CARDIGAN, Lieut.-Col. 11th Light Dragoons.

"Northampton, 14th August, 1839."

The *Morning Chronicle*, in a well-written rejoinder, points out some of the obvious defects of Lord Cardigan's letter as a defence; and thus disposes of his Lordship's concluding threat:—

"We have no wish to recall the past, or to press severely on him for former misconduct. But it is possible that an ungenerous advantage may be taken by some of those under his command of the delicate position in which his Lordship stands, and that he must look through his fingers at many things, respecting which other commanding-officers would not deem it necessary to extend the same indulgence. If his Lordship have enemies, we know that he has also many friends, who speak of him with kindly feelings. His letter indicates a judgment on which we should not be disposed to place much reliance. His offensive epithets addressed to us will not prove either that the six officers of his regiment are gentlemen, or that he himself has a perfect idea of what is due from one gentleman to another. To his Lordship's threats we are perfectly indifferent. The editor of a newspaper cannot, if he would, conceal himself. The editor of the *Morning Chronicle* is at a loss, therefore, to understand why it 'is fortunate for him that he is the anonymous editor of a newspaper.' He has lived too long in the world to be influenced by threats of personal violence. Lord Cardigan, on reflection, must regret that he descended to such language. But be this as it may, his lordship does not seem to be aware that England is as yet a country governed by law and not by the sword; and that commanding-officers of regiments, whether noblemen or commoners, dare not commit violence against the humblest citizen. After so unbecoming a threat, were his lordship to forget himself further, we should have no hesitation in handing him over, with the least possible ceremony, to a police officer."

■■■ We have just seen a most beautiful and delicate miniature of one of the most celebrated of our city belles, executed in a style of art that it would seem impossible to surpass. It was painted by Madame Guillet, No. 10, Barclay-street; a lady whose devotion to her art, and whose genius, must shortly place her at the very head of her profession.

Dr. Chalmers, in a late letter to the mechanics of Greenock, says,—"I now find, both from the state of my engagements and my strength, that I must withdraw from the labours of active life as speedily as possible."

■■■ A late Marseilles paper speaks of a man and woman in that neighbourhood who have voluntarily doomed themselves to perpetual silence, neither of them speaking a word from morning till night. The man, we should think, might get along smoothly and quietly enough, but the woman—oh gracious!

■■■ Dean Swift contended that there are no women in heaven, and in proof of his opinion quoted the apocalypse, which says, "there was silence in heaven for half an hour."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—We are greatly pained to find in the *American* the announcement of a serious fatality happening to a gentleman to whose politeness we recently owed the pleasure of perusing a file of papers from Australia. The *American* says:—

"Mr. Norris, the well-known pilot of this port, met, we are sorry to learn, with a very serious accident yesterday. While moving the lightship off the Hook, he was caught by the chain cable, which tore off the whole of the calf, and broke the bones of one leg, and seriously injured the other. He was brought up to the city after the lapse of several hours, and in the course of the afternoon his leg was amputated; and it is hoped he will do well."

TEXAS.

BY AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

THE NEW CITY OF HOUSTON.—We reached this city just before sunset, and I found lodgings in a good boarding-house. I do not call it a comfortable one, though good; the landlady is excellent, the company are well disposed and intelligent, but the house is, like most others here, destitute of a single pane of glass, and entirely exposed to the winds and rains; my chamber for instance, contains not a single window. I can lie in my couch and count the apertures in the roof, through which the light streams, and in wet weather, of course, the rain likewise. The houses are merely patched up shanties of rough boards; few in the city are painted. My bedstead consists of four posts, rough cut from the tree, planted in the ground, and a few cross pieces, with a bed as narrow and as bad as ever I slept on.

This is the seat of Government. The Legislature is in session here; they meet in a large frame building, with roughly plastered walls, and without ceiling. It includes a number of talented young men, and a good proportion of substantially looking gentlemen of mature years.

I attended the levee of President Lamar the other evening, and was introduced to the President. His house is a small one-story cottage, with but two small apartments as drawing-rooms. Some five musicians were present. The company, however, presented as much of taste and fashion as would, perhaps, be found in a similar scene in the White House at Washington; and the politeness and ceremony of the occasion showed a state of refinement far in advance of the limited conveniences of life yet possessed in the community. Ladies who have been accustomed to the most elegant refinements of life, reside here in shanties, and suffer all the exposures and inconveniences of the place, sustained by the common spirit of enterprise which prevails here, and the prospect of future wealth and luxury.

"I have had several interviews with the ex-President, General Houston, who is the hero of this young empire. He led the force at the battle of San Jacinto, and his unrivalled bravery decided the destiny of the republic, and was crowned with the captivity of the Mexican President. General Houston is about 45 years of age, but appears above 50. He is not a little eccentric, powdering his hair, and wearing always some article of military dress about him. His manners are of the old school, polite even to ceremony; and all who know him, while they condemn his vices, are charmed with his ability. No man could command the enthusiasm of the nation more, in any military project, than General Houston. His courage is unquestionable, and his manners are of the character which always invests a military chief with commanding influence.

"President Lamar is extremely popular. He will, no doubt, elevate much the character of the country. He is strictly moral. His course has been manly and dignified, and none question that he will consult the best interests of the nation. He has organised an able cabinet."

PERSONAL NEWS.

A Berlin correspondent states, that Prince Puckler Muskau is expected shortly at his estate of Muskau, in Prussian Silesia. Immediately after his arrival, a wager of 1,000 louis, which he has laid with the Baron de Biel, that horses of pure Arab blood will bear more fatigue than those of pure English blood, will be decided. The parties will mount the horses themselves; that of the Prince is from his own stables, and came from a celebrated stud, near Alexandria. The horse of his adversary is from Somersetshire. It is proposed to ride over a great portion of Northern Germany.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

The French papers are daily filled with accounts of outrages, robberies, and attempts at assassination. It is dangerous, after dark, to be in the by-streets.

The widow of Nourrit, the well-known French tenor, who destroyed himself at Naples some months back, expired at Paris a few days ago.

M. Rougemont de Lowenberg, the eminent banker, died in Paris on Wednesday last.

On the night of the 31st ult., Duke Gustavus of Mecklenburg was robbed at one of the principal hotels of Baden-Baden, at which he was staying, of two watches, several rings, gold chains, and other valuables. The authors of the robbery were suspected to be some dashing Parisians, why were living like princes at the hotel, but although the police were instant on the alert, nothing positive has yet been ascertained on the subject.—*French Paper*.

Richard Carlile has published a pamphlet, denouncing the Chartist leaders as a designing set of knaves, who delude the people, in order that themselves may revel in luxury and idleness.

The King and Queen of the Belgians, with an extensive retinue, will pay a visit to her Majesty at Windsor Castle, immediately after the termination of the fêtes at Brussels.

At the late battle between the Egyptians and the Turks, a body of the former twice retreated, when Ibrahim Pasha killed only twenty-seven of the recreants with his own hand!

The skeleton of Marengo, the barb horse which Napoleon rode at Waterloo and at most of his great battles, has been presented to the museum of the United Service Institution, in Middle Scotland yard, by Lieut.-Colonel Angerstein.

Miss Ellen Tree will, it is said, appear at the Haymarket in the melodrama of *The Ransom*, a translation from the French by Planché, in which she produced considerable effect previous to her departure from England.

We hear that the Duke of Devonshire is determined to convert Chatsworth into a striking similitude with Versailles. It is upwards of twenty years since his Grace commenced the gigantic works now nearly completed; and it is his full determination not to again visit it until the whole is finished, which a very few months will do. The noble duke has purchased furniture of the most costly and gorgeous description, of which a considerable portion was the property of Louis le Grand.—*Morning Post*.

THE SULTAN AND THE GRAND VIZIER.—In the Constantinople correspondence of the *Journal des Débats* we find the following:—"Suddenly there was a dead silence in the crowd—the Grand Vizier, the redoubtable Khosrew, was passing. The Grand Vizier is seventy-five years of age, and gouty. He is said to have aggravated the infirmities of age by debauchery; yet it is sufficient to pronounce the name of this impotent old man at Constantinople to make Turks and Rayas tremble. The remembrance of his sanguinary co-operation in the affair of the Janissaries still weighs upon the mind; he is known to be pitiless, and the Bosphorus is deep. The magnificence of the procession only made the simplicity with which the Sultan was attired the more remarkable. A diamond aigrette in his fez (for it appears he had not assumed the turban) and the insignia of the order of the Nichan Iftihar on his breast, were the only marks of distinction he wore. Abd-ul-Medjid is about seventeen years old, is pale and thin; his face retains the marks of the small-pox, and his countenance has no expression of dignity; his constitution appears to have already suffered from excesses, which are dangerous at all ages, and more particularly at his. He looks upon the crowd with the cold, languid eye of an invalid. He remained as it were isolated amidst his cortege, his guards, out of respect, keeping at a certain distance from him; it being considered a high crime to come so near to the Sultan as to touch his person, or even his garments."—"The new Sultan," says the correspondent of the *Semaphore* at Constantinople, "was married before his accession to the throne, and his consort is *enceinte*. He is said to be much attached to her, and to be resolved to live with her alone, after the Christian fashion. If the young Sultan abolishes bigamy, he will do more towards the civilization of the Turks than all his father has done."

The *Journal du Havre* states that Meunier, who attempted to assassinate Louis Philippe, and who was banished to the United States, had fallen in a duel with an Italian in Texas, where he had taken refuge.

New Ministerial choppings and changes are freely talked of in political circles. There is no doubt that Mr. Spring Rice will be *pitch-forked* to the Peers as soon as the preparations for electing his successor at Cambridge are completed. Mr. Gibson has been invited by the Cambridge Liberals, desirous of testifying respect for his independence and spirit: indeed, we learn that his election is all but certain.

But will Mr. Rice take a Peerage and *nothing else*? There is no retiring pension vacant at present; and it is understood that the sly financier has an eye upon a certain snug and lucrative appointment, not nominally, though really a sinecure. There is, however, *hitch* here; and as it is universally believed that the Marquess of Normanby cannot remain at the Colonial office, *on dit* that Mr. Rice will "take the Colonies!" Another story is, that Lord John Russell will go to the Colonial Office. Thus it appears that all is at "sixes and sevens" in Downing Street and Whitehall. Ministers are uneasy—feeling that something should be done, but knowing not what.

The *Globe*—evening organ of the present ministry of England, announces that Mr. F. T. Baring will be the new Chancellor of the Exchequer in the room of Mr. Spring Rice.

Lord Portman has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Times*, respecting the part which has been ascribed to Lady Portman in the case of Lady Flora Hastings. His Lordship states that he awaits the promised statement of the Marquess of Hastings before he enters upon the defence of Lady Portman; and adds, that he shall then be prepared to prove that, on the painful occasion referred to, Lady Portman did "neither more nor less than her duty towards the court, towards Lady Flora Hastings, and towards the people of England, to whom, while she was in waiting upon her Sovereign, she was constitutionally responsible."

Her Majesty has honoured Sir David Wilkie, R. A., with a sitting for a state portrait.

The King, the Queen, and the royal family of France, were to leave Paris on 20th August, for the chateau of Eu, in Normandy, where his Majesty intends to pass some days.

His Excellency Lord Granville has also left Paris for England, Mr. Henry Bulwer being installed in the mean time as *charge d'affaires*.

M. Blanqui, junior, who is implicated as one of the chiefs of the insurrection of the 12th of May, is stated by the *Commerce*, to have sailed few days ago for New York.

LETTERS FROM LONDON, PARIS, PEKIN, PETERSBURG, &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE," THE "MEMOIRS OF
MAJOR GAHAGAN, &c."

I don't know an impression more curious than that which is formed in a foreigner's mind, who has been absent from this place for two or three years, returns to it and beholds the change which has taken place in the mean time, in French fashions and ways of thinking. Two years ago, for instance, when I left the capital, I left the young gentlemen of France with their hair brushed up *en toupee* in front, and the toes of their boots round; now the boot toes are pointed, and the hair combed flat, and parted in the middle, falls in ringlets on the fashionable shoulders; and in like manner, with books as with boots, the fashion has changed considerably, and it is not a little curious to contrast the old modes with the new. Absurd as was the literary dandyism of those days, it is not a whit less absurd now: only the manner is changed, and our versatile Frenchmen have passed from one caricature to another.

The revolution may be called a caricature of freedom, as the empire was of glory; and what they borrow from foreigners undergoes the same process. They take top-boots and Mackintoshes from across the water and caricature our fashions; they read a little, very little, Shakspeare, and caricature our poetry: and as while in David's time, art and religion were only a caricature of Heathenism; now, on the contrary, these two commodities are imported from Germany, and, distorted caricatures originally, are still farther distorted on passing the frontier.

I trust in heaven that German art and religion will take no hold in your country and in ours, (where there is a fund of roast beef that will expel any such humbug in the end), but these sprightly Frenchmen have relished the mystical doctrines mightily, and having watched the Germans, with their sanctified looks and quaint imitations of the old times, and mysterious transcendental talk, and are aping many of their fashions—as well and solemnly as they can—not very solemnly, God wot, for I think one should always prepare to grin when a Frenchman looks particularly grave, being sure that there is something false and ridiculous lurking under that owl-like solemnity.

When last in Paris, we were in the midst of what was called a Catholic reaction. Artists talked of faith in poems and pictures, churches were built here and there, old missals were copied and purchased, and numberless portraits of saints, with as much gilding about them as ever was used in the fifteenth century, appeared in churches, ladies' boudoirs and picture shops. One or two fashionable preachers rose and were eagerly followed—the very youth of the schools gave up their pipes and billiards for some time, and flocked in crowds to Notre Dame to sit under the feet of Lacordaire. I went to visit the church of Notre Dame de Lorrette yesterday, which was finished in the heat of this Catholic rage, and was not a little struck by the similarity of the place to the worship celebrated in it, and the admirable manner in which the architect had caused his work to express the public feeling of the moment. It is a pretty little bijou of a church, it is supported by sham marble pillars; it has a gaudy ceiling of blue and gold, which will look very well for some time, and is filled with gaudy pictures and carvings in the very pink of the mode. The congregation did not offer a bad illustration of the present state of the Catholic reaction. Two or three stray people were at prayers, there was no service, a few countrymen and idlers were staring about at the pictures, and the Swiss, the paid guardian of the place, was comfortably and appropriately asleep on his bench at the door. I am inclined to think the famous reaction is over; the students have taken to their Sunday pipes and billiards again, and one or two cafés have been established within the last year, that are ten times handsomer than Notre Dame de Lorrette.

However, if the immortal Gorres and the German mystics have had their day: there is the immortal Goëthe and the Pantheists, and I incline to think that the fashion has set very strongly in their favor. Voltaire and the Encyclopedians are voted now barbares, and there is no term of reprobation strong enough for heartless Humes and Helvetiuses, who lived but to destroy, and who only thought to doubt. Wretched as Voltaire's sneers and puns are, I think there is something more manly and earnest even in them than in the present muddy French transcendentalism.—Pantheism is the word now; one and all have begun to éprouver the question of a religious sentiment; and we are deluged with a host of gods accordingly. Monsieur de Balzac feels himself to be inspired, Victor Hugo is a god, Madame Saud is a god; that tawdry man of genius Jules Janin, who writes theatrical reviews for the Debats, has divine intimations—and there is scarce a beggarly beardless scribbler of poems and prose but tells you in his preface of the sainteté of the *sacerdoce littéraire*, or a dirty student, sucking tobacco and beer, and reeling home with a grisette from the chaumière, who is not convinced of the necessity of a new "Messianism," and will hiccup to such as will listen, chapters of his own drunken Apocalypse. Surely, the negatives of the old days were far less dangerous

than the assertions of the present, and you may fancy what a religion that must be, which has such high priests.

There is no reason to trouble the reader with details of the lives of many of these prophets and expounders of new revelations. Madame Saud, for instance, I do not know personally, and can only speak of her from report. True or false, the history at any rate is not very edifying, and so may be passed over: but as a certain great philosopher told us in very humble and simple words, that we are not to expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles, we may at least demand in all persons assuming the character of moralist or philosopher, order, soberness and regularity of life; for we are apt to distrust the intellect that we fancy can be swayed by circumstance or passion, and we know how circumstance and passion will sway the intellect, how mortified vanity will form excuses for itself, and how temper turns angrily upon conscience that reproves it. How often have we called our judge our enemy, because he has given sentence against us!—how often have we called the right wrong, because the right condemns us! And in the lives of many of the bitter foes of the Christian doctrine can we find no personal reason for their hostility? The men in Athens said it was out of regard for religion that they murdered Socrates; but we have had time since then to reconsider the verdict, and Socrates' character is pretty pure now, in spite of the sentence and the jury of those days.

The last work of Madame Saud, who is the most eloquent writer, I think, that her sex ever produced, and the best writer of her day now in France, is a little novel called Spiridion, in which this extraordinary woman asserts openly her pantheistical doctrine, and attacks the religion which she is pleased to think so faulty. She declares it to be useless now, and unfitted to the exigencies and the degree of culture of the actual world; and though it would be hardly worth while to combat her opinions in due form, it is at least worth while to notice them, not merely from the extraordinary eloquence and genius of the woman herself, but because they express the opinions of a great number of people besides; for she not only produces her own thoughts, but imitates those of others very eagerly: and one finds in her writings so much similarity with others, or in others so much resemblance to her, that the book before us may pass for the expression of the sentiments of a certain French party.

Dieu est mort, says another writer of the same class, and of great genius too—*Dieu est mort*, writes Mr. Henry Heine, speaking of the Christian God, and he adds in a daring figure of speech—*n'entendez vous pas sonner la Clochette?*—on porte les sacremens à un Dieu qui se meurt! Another of the pantheist poetical philosophers, Mr. Edgar Quinet, has a poem in which Christ and the Virgin Mary are made to die similarly, and the former is classed with Prometheus. This book of Spiridion is a continuation of the theme, and perhaps you will listen to some of the author's expositions of it.

It must be confessed that the controversialists of the present day have an eminent advantage over their predecessors in the days of folios—it required some learning then to write a book, and some time at least, for the very labour of writing out a thousand such vast pages would demand a considerable period; but now, in the age of duodecimos, the system is reformed altogether: a male or female controversialist draws upon his imagination and not his learning,—makes a story instead of an argument, and in the course of a hundred and fifty pages (where the preacher has it all his own way) will prove or disprove you anything. And to our shame be it said, we Protestants have set the example of this kind of proselytism—those detestable mixtures of truth, lies, false-sentiment, false-reasoning, bad grammar, correct and genuine philanthropy and piety—I mean our religious tracts, which any woman or man, be he ever so silly, can take upon himself to write and sell for a penny, as if religious instruction were the easiest thing in the world. We, I say, have set the example in this kind of composition, and all the sects of the earth will doubtless speedily follow it. I can point you out blasphemies in famous pious tracts that are as dreadful as those above mentioned, but that this is no place for such discussions, and we had better return to Madame Saud. As Mrs. Sherwood expounds by means of many touching histories and anecdotes of little boys and girls, her notions of Church history, Church catechism, Church doctrine,—as the author of "Father Clement, a Roman Catholic Story" demolishes the stately structure of eighteen centuries, the mighty and beautiful Roman Catholic faith, in whose bosom repose so many saints and sages—by the means of a three-and-sixpenny duodecimo volume, which tumbles over the vast fabric as David's pebble-stone did Goliath—as again the Roman Catholic author of "Eveline" falls foul of Luther and Calvin, and drowns the awful echoes of their tremendous Protest by the sounds of her little half-crown trumpet—in like manner, by means of pretty sentimental tales, and cheap apologue, Mrs. Saud proclaims her truth; that we need a new Messiah, and that the Christian Religion is no more! O awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable!—Who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? O name

that God's people of old did fear to utter! O light that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! Who are these that are now so familiar with it?—Women truly, for the most part weak women—weak in intellect, weak mayhap in spelling and grammar, but marvellously strong in faith—Women who step down to the people with stately step and voice of authority, and deliver their twopenny tablets, as if there were some Divine authority for the wretched nonsense recorded there!

With regard to the spelling and grammar our Parisian Pythoness stands in the goodly fellowship, remarkable. Her style is a noble, and as far as a foreigner can judge, a strange tongue, and beautifully rich and pure. She has a very exuberant imagination, and with it a very chaste style of expression. She never scarcely indulges in declamation, as other modern prophets do, and yet her sentences are exquisitely melodious and full. She seldom runs a thought to death (after the manner of some prophets, who, when they catch a little one, toy with it until they kill it)—but she leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences, with plenty of food for future cogitation. I can't express to you the charm of them; they seem to me like the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear.

This wonderful power of language must have been felt by most people who read Madame Saud's first books, Valentine and Indiana; in Spiridion it is greater I think than ever; and for those who are not afraid of the matter of the novel, the manner will be found most delightful. I doubt not but that it has found many readers among you ere now. The author's intention, I presume, is to describe in a parable her notions of the downfall of the Catholic Church, and, indeed, of the whole Christian scheme; and she places her hero in a monastery in Italy, where among the characters about him, and the events which occur, the particular tenets of Madame Dadevant's doctrine are not inaptly laid down. Innocent, faithful, tender-hearted, Spiridion finds himself, when he has pronounced his vows, an object of aversion and hatred to the godly men whose lives he so much respects, and whose love he would make any sacrifice to win. After enduring much, he flings himself at the feet of his confessor and begs for his sympathy and counsel; but the confessor spurns him away, and accuses him fiercely of some unknown and terrible crime—bids him never return to the confessional until contrition has touched his heart, and the stains which sully his spirit are by sincere repentance washed away.

"Thus speaking (says Spiridion) Father Hegesippes tore away his robes which I was holding in my supplicating hands. In a sort of wildness I still grasped it tighter: he pushed me fiercely from him, and I fell with my face towards the ground. He quitted me, closing violently after him the door of the sacristy, in which this scene had passed. I was left alone in the darkness. Whether from the violence of my fall, or the excess of my grief, a vein had burst in my throat and a hemorrhage ensued. I had not the force to rise, I felt my senses rapidly sinking, and presently I lay stretched on the pavement, unconscious, and bathed in my blood."

[Now the wonderful part of the story begins.]

I know not how much time I passed in this way. As I came to myself I felt an agreeable coolness. It seemed as if some harmonious air was playing round about me, stirring gently in my hair, and drying the drops of perspiration on my brow. It seemed to approach, and then again to withdraw, breathing now softly and sweetly in the distance, and now returning as if to give me strength and courage to rise.

"I would not, however, do so as yet: for I felt myself as I lay under the influence of a pleasure quite new to me; and listened in a kind of peaceful aberration, to the gentle murmurs of this summer-wind as it breathed on me through the closed window blinds above me. Then I fancied I heard a voice that spoke to me from the end of the sacristy: it whispered so low that I could not catch the words. I remained motionless and gave it my whole attention. At last I heard distinctly the following sentence:—'Spirit of Truth raise up these victims of ignorance and imposture.' Father Hegesippes, said I in a weak voice, is that you who are returning to me? But no one answered. I lifted myself on my hands and knees, I listened again, but I heard nothing. I got up completely, and looked about me: I had fallen so near to the only door in this little room, that none after the departure of the confessor could have entered it without passing over me; besides, the door was shut, and only opened from the inside by a strong lock of the ancient shape. I touched it and assured myself that it was closed. I was seized with terror, and for some moments did not dare to move. Leaning against the door, I looked round, and endeavoured to see into the gloom in which the angles of the room were enveloped. A pale light, which came from an upper window half closed, was to be seen trembling in the midst of the apartment. The wind beat the shutter to and fro, and enlarged a diminished space through which the light issued. The objects which were in this half-light, the praying-desk surmounted by its skull—a few books lying on the benches—a surplice hanging against the wall—seemed to move with the shadow of the foliage that the air agitated behind the window. When I thought I was alone, I felt ashamed of my former timidity; I made the sign of the

cross, and was about to move forward in order to open the shutter altogether, but a deep sigh came from the praying desk, and kept me nailed to my place. And yet I saw the desk distinctly enough to be sure that no person was near it. Then I had an idea which gave me courage. Some person I thought is behind the shutter, and has been saying his prayers outside without thinking of me. But who would be so bold as to express such wishes and utter such a prayer as I had just heard?

"Curiosity, the only passion and amusement permitted in a cloister, now entirely possessed me, and I advanced towards the window. But I had not made a step when, a black shadow, as it seemed to me, detaching itself from the praying desk, traversed the room, directing itself towards the window, and passed swiftly by me. The movement was so rapid that I had not time to avoid what seemed a body advancing toward me, and my fright was so great, that I thought I should faint a second time. But I felt nothing, and as if the shadow had passed through me, I saw it suddenly disappear to my left.

"I rushed to the window, I pushed back the blind with precipitation, and looked round the sacristy—I was there, entirely alone. I looked into the garden—it was deserted, and the mid-day wind was wandering among the flowers. I took courage, I examined all the corners of the room; I looked behind the praying desk, which was very large, and I shook all the sacerdotal vestments which were hanging on the walls—every thing was in its natural condition, and could give me no explanation of what had just occurred. The sight of all the blood I had lost, led me to fancy that my brain had probably been weakened by the hemorrhage, and that I had been a prey to some delusion. I retired to my cell, and remained shut up there until the next day."

I don't know whether the reader has been as much struck with the above mysterious scene as the writer has, but the fancy of it strikes me as very fine, and the natural *supernaturalness* is kept up in the best style. The shutter swaying to and fro, the fitful *light appearing* over the furniture of the room, and giving it an air of strange motion—the awful shadow which passed through the body of the timid young novice—are surely very finely painted. "I rushed to the shutter, and flung it back—there was no one in the Sacristy—I looked into the garden, it was deserted, and the *mid-day wind was roaming among the flowers.*" The dreariness is wonderfully described—only the poor pale boy looking eagerly out from the window of the Sacristy, and the hot mid-day wind walking in the solitary garden. How skilfully is each of these little strokes dashed in, and how well do all together combine to make a picture! But we must have a little more about Spiridion's wonderful visitant.

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"As I entered into the garden, I stept a little on one side to make way for a person whom I saw before me. He was a young man of surprising beauty, and attired in a foreign costume. Although dressed in the large black robe which the superiors of our order wear, he had underneath a short jacket of fine cloth, fastened round the waist by a leathern belt, and a buckle of silver, after the manner of the old German students. Like them, he wore instead of the sandals of our monks, short tight boots, and over the collar of his shirt, which fell on his shoulders, and was as white as snow, hung in rich golden curls the most beautiful hair I ever saw. He was tall, and his elegant posture seemed to reveal to me that he was in the habit of commanding. Much with respect, and yet uncertain, I half saluted him. He did not return my salute, but he smiled on me with so benevolent an air, and at the same time his eyes, severe and blue, looked towards me with an expression of such compassionate tenderness, that his features have never since then passed away from my recollection. I stopped, hoping he would speak to me, and persuading myself from the majesty of his aspect that he had the power to protect me; but the monk who was walking behind me, and who did not seem to remark him in the least, forced him brutally to step aside from the walk, and pushed me so rudely as almost to cause me to fall. Not wishing to engage in a quarrel with this coarse monk, I moved away, but after having taken a few steps in the garden, I looked back, and saw the unknown still gazing on me with looks of the tenderest solicitude. The sun shone full upon him, and made his hair look radiant. He sighed, and lifted his fine eyes to heaven, as if to invoke its justice in my favour, and to call it to bear witness to my misery, he turned slowly towards the Sanctuary, entered into the quire, and was lost presently in the shade. I longed to return in spite of the monk, to follow this noble stranger, and to tell him my afflictions—but who was he that I imagined he would listen to them, and cause them to cease? I felt even while his softness drew me towards him, that he still inspired me with a kind of fear—for I saw in his physiognomy as much austerity as sweetness."

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Who was he?—My paper is just at an end, and we will have more about him in our next number.—He was somebody very mysterious indeed, but our author has taken care after the manner of her sex, to make a very pretty fellow of him, and to dress him in the most becoming costumes possible.

THE QUEEN'S RUMOURED MARRIAGE.

The Morning Post, a self-proclaimed "authority" in matters of marriage generally, has published a long statement relative to a supposed approaching union of her Majesty with one of the princes of the House of Coburg, which statement the government ministerial organ takes it upon itself to deny. We subjoin both the announcement and the denial, leaving our readers to reconcile the difference :—

From the Morning Post.

It is our duty this day to make to the British people an announcement which they will receive with intense interest, and we hope and believe with unanimous satisfaction. We have received from a correspondent resident at the Court of Brussels, and enjoying the entire confidence of that court, a communication which enables us to state, in the most distinct and positive terms, that a matrimonial alliance is about to take place between her Britannic Majesty and his Serene Highness the Prince Albert Francis, second son of Ernest, the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Saalfeld.

The August Prince whom so high and so auspicious a destiny awaits, will shortly arrive in this country, accompanied by their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians. He will arrive, we believe we may venture to say, to depart no more. He will arrive, we ardently hope, to impart new lustre and security to the British crown, and to constitute the domestic happiness and sustain the social virtues of the illustrious lady by whom, in the ordination of a gracious PROVIDENCE, the British crown is long, we trust, to be worn.

The Prince Albert Francis of Saxe Coburg was born on the 26th of August, 1819. He is, therefore, three months and two days younger than her Majesty.

We understand that her Majesty will not be present at the prorogation of parliament; from which we infer the probability that the Queen's Speech may contain some allusion to the nuptial contract we have felt ourselves authorised to announce.

Be this, however, as it may, we venture confidently to predict that this interesting and important subject will be brought under the notice of the British parliament early in next session, and to intimate the probability that the next session of the British parliament will be accelerated for the purpose of its consideration.

It is gratifying to be enabled to state that the youthful prince who is about to acquire so strong a claim to the respect and affection of the British people is acknowledged by all to whom he is personally known to possess the graces of person and manner, as well as the more valuable and lasting qualities of intellect and disposition, which are calculated to render the respect and affection of a virtuous and intelligent people an easy and a natural tribute.

From the Globe.

Some mischievous wag has sadly practised on the credulity of the *Post*, and given an extraordinary account of the approaching marriage of her Majesty,—the name, age, height, and all other particulars, personal, moral, and mental, of her supposed husband, being detailed with most amusing minuteness.

We have reason to believe the extraordinary announcement to be utterly destitute of that which can alone give it interest—the quality of truth. One thing is certain, that the Queen will prorogue parliament in person on Wednesday next.

That the *Post* actually invented this ragnarole we do not suppose. We do not even regard it as of home manufacture; and will venture a guess that the letter which brought it bore the post-mark of Brussels, and that it was signed by one whose initials are "H. F."

THE SULTANA-MOTHER.

The Sultana Valide, mother of Abdul Medjid, possesses in that character immense influence. According to the Mahometan rule, she is almost considered holy, and every Mussulman has the right of appeal to her. Even the wives of the Sultan are compelled to treat her with veneration, and to kiss the hem of her garment whenever she appears. She alone has the right of appearing unveiled, but no person must look at her in the face. She has a deliberative voice in the Council of the State, and all true Mussulmans are accustomed to pay a blind obedience to her. She is said to be an ambitious and capricious woman, and to have already interdicted access to her palace to 1,200 persons, Rayas, Turks, and Franks. The Sultan appears in public almost daily, visiting in preference all the places his father took delight in. He is very accessible, speaks with kindness to all who approach him, whatever be their rank, and is highly popular.

The Constantinople correspondent of the *Semaphore*, gives the following description of a scene of Oriental splendor not often witnessed even in "the City of the Sultan":—

"The Sultana-Mother, Valide, wishing to give to the ladies of Mmes. Duz, the Directors of the Mint, a testimony of her esteem, invited them to the Imperial Palace, to be present at the entrance of her son into the seraglio. The ladies were conveyed by the private barges of the Sultana, and received with a kindness very rarely shown by Turkish chiefs towards their Christian subjects. From the threshold of the Gynceum to the principal room, the floor was covered with the richest brocaded stuffs and splendid cachemeres, for the young Padisha of the Osmanlis to walk over, to a magnificent chair or throne, embroidered with pearls, rubies, and emeralds. The Sultana-Mother approached, and with invocations to God, gave her blessing to her son. Next came the Sultana Isma, his aunt, who presented him with a young female slave, a gift with which Abdul Medjid appeared to be much gratified, and placed the girl upon a seat nearly as rich as his own. A thousand slaves came in turn, and prostrated themselves at the feet of the Sultan. During the ceremony, young Circassian girls showered handfuls of sequins in the apartment in such profusion that

it became difficult to walk in it, the feet slipping from treading on them. When all the fair recluses of the harem had paid their tribute of homage to the Sultan, Mmes. Duz did the same, and afterwards attempted to kiss the feet of her who had become the companion of the Grand Seignor, but she resisted until the Sultana Valide desired her to accept this act of homage, as being due to her station. She then submitted, but with a timidity which made the Sultan smile. On taking leave of the Sultana Valide, Mmes. Duz each received a salver of silver gilt, with six stands for cups in chased gold, enriched with diamonds, and a casket for perfume, of the same metal. The Sultana also presented to all a handkerchief containing 1,000 piastres in gold coin, recommending that they should be carefully preserved, in commemoration of the accession of their sovereign to the throne."

MEHEMET ALI OF EGYPT.

Captain Slade in his new work on the affairs of the East, after a very graphic sketch of the late SULTAN's errors and crimes—evincing, all of them, his utter incapacity to govern the great empire intrusted to his sway—turns to the contemplation of the career of MEHEMET ALI—to the contemplation of his genius, of his high fortune, of his great achievements :—

We point to order, commerce, armies, fleets, and victory, existing where twenty years ago the germs of them only were apparent to a few; we point to a state of power, such as Saladin would have been proud to acknowledge; we venture to anticipate a revival of Bagdad's prosperity under Haroun al Raschid. The opponents of Mehemet Ali see this gorgeous array, but have viewed it as a fine scene upon the stage, to last an hour and pass away. They assert that it depends on the pacha's life; that it has no marrow and pith. Notwithstanding the unerring correctness of the pacha's views, his unfaltering rise from great to greater, the sagacity of his policy, foreign and domestic, his forbearance and discretion in his relations with Europe, the security of travellers in all parts of his dominions, the periodical transit of the Mecca pilgrimage free from "black-mail," the career of victory which has attended his arms in Greece, in Abravia, and in Syria, the address with which he has gathered the Druses and Bedouins to his standard—every act of his life fettered by a false position, obliged to intrigue at Constantinople while legislating at Cairo—notwithstanding all that, there are some who still persist in saying that his power has struck no roots, and that it is based on sand morally as well as really. They attribute to a happy combination of accidents the result of the calculations of the greatest genius that has appeared in the East since the prophet. If more were wanted to show the firm tenure of Mehemet Ali's power, I might cite his remarkable journey last winter into Negritia. At the age of 71, and mark, at a time when the forces of the Sultan were gathering to his frontiers, and emissaries were exciting the Syrians to revolt—he left his capital for the interior of Africa. He passed the sources of the White and the Blue Nile, and penetrated to the 12th degree of latitude, on a scientific expedition. He placed deserts, such as made the intrepid Bruce a child, and half-savage tribes, between him and his capital. The journey must have been fatiguing to the stoutest of his suite; it occupied five months. No revolt marked his absence; no conspiracy had to be punished on his return.

LATEST FROM THE ORIENT.

(From the private correspondence of the "London Herald.")

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 31.

Yesterday the ambassadors of the five powers were invited to a conference with Nourri Effendi, acting minister for foreign affairs; and it appears to have been decided that Hagi Saib Effendi shall still proceed to Alexandria in a Turkish steamer, accompanied by M. Anselm, of the French embassy here. To-day the five ambassadors again met the ministers of the Porte, further to discuss the Egyptian matter, previous to the departure of the steamer. The terms offered by the Porte to Mehemet Ali, are, I understand, the hereditary government of Egypt and its dependencies, Syria to be restored to the Sultan; and the envoy takes to the Pacha a most brilliant decoration, significative of his elevated rank in the state, although he latterly refused to receive one. His pretensions are too high to permit us to hope that he will listen to these conditions. He spurns the idea of remaining longer a dependant vizier, and aims at absolute sovereignty over every inch of ground he at present holds. I conceive, therefore, that it is a mere waste of time to leave the parties themselves to discuss the matter.

In every bargain in the East it is the custom to demand much, to take all that can be had, and to offer little, with a view of obtaining that which is sought on terms as low as possible. Perhaps, however, no harm is done by leaving the Porte and the Pacha first to exhaust their own efforts, by way of convincing both that without assistance they cannot come to an understanding. When the proper time arrives, the difficulty of convincing them of the necessity of submitting their dispute to friendly arbitration may be trifling; but how the mediating powers are to agree among themselves, is a question of less easy solution. Their interests are so various—nay, so opposite, in the affair, that nothing but respective concessions to what will be deemed by each an inconvenient, and, perhaps, dishonourable extent, can ever bring them together. I only hope that all the condescension will not, on this occasion, be on the side of Great Britain, as heretofore. Her character stands low enough in the East already, and it is high time it should be worked up again.

Business is a dead letter here as far as imports are concerned. Credit is shaken, and money so scarce that some of the first houses can negotiate their bills only to a trifling extent, or at a sacrifice to which they would not submit.

People have been talking here of the approaching arrival of Mehemet Ali himself! I should as soon expect to see one of the pyramids of Egypt come up. But nothing is too ridiculous for the gullibility of some folks.

J. R.

PLUNDERINGS BY THE WAY.

A seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks upon the coast being asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves dashed over him, replied—"Wet, madam! very wet."

The London *Times*, in the course of a leading article on the subject of the opium trade, which, it says, "involves almost every species of immorality and outrage," observes as follows:—"The effect of the opium traffic has been to impoverish, demoralize, and destroy the Chinese population to such an extent, as has latterly provoked the Emperor to adopt proceedings of the utmost severity, involving not only a cessation of the British trade, but confiscation, imprisonment, and death to the persons more immediately implicated."

The railroad from Paris to Versailles was opened on Friday week, by the Duke of Orleans and brothers, who went in the first carriage.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.—On Thursday Mr. Brunel, engineer of the Thames Tunnel, appeared at the Mansion House for the purpose of making the customary affidavit as to the expenses incurred in the undertaking within certain periods. The Lord Mayor congratulated the engineer upon the near approach to the completion of his wonderful enterprise, and asked when he expected to reach the Middlesex shore? Mr. Brunel said that he had high gratification in being able to state, that every danger and difficulty had been conquered, and that his men were hard at work within five feet of low-water mark on the Middlesex side. He expected in one week to be quite clear, so that the undertaking might then be said to be perfected.

THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.—The place chosen for the lists lies about a quarter of a mile to the east of the Castle. The arena will be about four square acres, around which is already erected a fence, engrossing 12,000 square feet of boarding. The barrier in the centre of the ground, up to which the knights are to ride, measures 300 feet. There are fifty men at present engaged in erecting a gallery for the "Queen of Beauty," and fair ladies and "peerless" damsels of the tournament. This grand pavilion is 200 feet in length, and capable of accommodating 1,000 people. The decorations of the pavilions and lists are of the most costly and gorgeous description. Within the lists space is allotted for the marqueses of the knights; the number of these spoken of at present is thirty-one, and there is a prospect of a large augmentation. A place has been prepared for a banqueting-hall and a ball-room, attached to the Castle, in which the entertainments of the day will be finished; and there are numerous galleries and stands planned for the accommodation of the nobility and gentry, to the number of many thousands, expected to be present. The knights are to ride in procession with their ladies from the Castle, in a circuitous direction, through the deer parks to the tilt-yard, crossing the Lugton, which runs by the Castle walls, by a splendidly ornamented bridge. The tournament is an engrossing subject of interest in the districts around. In Irvine, houses are let for three days, commencing on the 28th, at from £7 to £20; and the Manse, we are told, has been let to a family at £30. There are a great number of houses taken also in Arran for the occasion. Lord Glenlyon, who is to be one of the "Knights of Chivalry," is to be accompanied from Dunkeld to Ayrshire by a guard of honour composed of a hundred stalwart youth, the flower of the district of Atholl, clad in the ancient costume of their sires.

MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Selkirk, Aug. 16.

It had for some time been a subject of occasional discussion in this burgh, on the propriety of erecting some testimonial to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, late, and for thirty-two years, Sheriff of the county, whose public and private character, and living so long in the immediate neighbourhood, having endeared him to every individual in the place, not only as a great literary character, by which he had so highly benefited his country, but in a very particular manner thrown a lustre over this particular district, with which he was more immediately connected, by the many picturesque and beautiful allusions to its history, scenery, and romantic achievements. In the prosecution of this design, several months ago a Committee was formed of the Magistrates and other influential inhabitants of the place to correspond with Mr. Alexander H. Ritchie, sculptor in Musselburgh, as to the probable expense of erecting in the Square or Market place, a statue of Sir Walter Scott, of a larger size than life, on a pedestal suitable to the surrounding buildings. A subscription was also begun: circulars were sent to the Duke of Buccleuch and the gentlemen of the county and neighbourhood, who were supposed to be favourable to the undertaking. His Grace returned a very handsome subscription; and, with the exception of two or three, almost every person applied to subscribed, many very handsomely, and some sent in their donations who were not applied to. In a short time the Committee were enabled to get from Mr. Ritchie plans and estimates, and ultimately to agree with him for the whole to be finished by the 15th of Aug., Sir Walter's birth-day, and the statue was actually placed on the top of the pedestal yesterday about noon. The pedestal is very handsome, being light and tapering, and well adapted to the size of the statue (itself 7½ feet high,) and a striking likeness of the poet. Sir Walter is in the costume of the Sheriff, in his gown, with a roll of papers in his left hand, his right hand resting on his trusty staff. The following is the inscription under the statue:—

"Erected in August, 1839, in proud and affectionate remembrance of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Sheriff of this county from 1800 to 1832.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my weary way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick breaks,
Though it should chill my withered cheeks."

On the several sides of the pedestal are Sir Walter's arms—the arms of the burgh—on other compartments are emblematic allusions to the character of the poet and novelist—a winged harp, with the word "Waverley" under it, and a finely cut Scotch thistle on another pannel; the

whole most beautifully done. In short, it is only doing justice to Mr. Ritchie to say that the *tout ensemble* does him infinite credit, and that the whole erection, for beauty and correct proportions, is not equalled, certainly not surpassed, in Britain. It is the subject of surprise and delight of every beholder, and a great ornament to Selkirk.

THE WIT AND PLEASANTRIES OF ERSKINE.

Erskine was grateful and affectionate to Lord Kenyon, although not a little disposed occasionally to circulate epigrams and indulge in pleasantries upon the eccentricities of that honest magistrate, whose dress in particular—a very old pair of black velvet breeches, that had sat at the Rolls and at *Nisi Prius* for twelve years—was always considered fair game. His comates on the bench formed not unfrequently the subject of his jest, and these little squibs flew about the barristers' benches, and lighted up with laughter the sombre precincts of the King's Bench.

Mr. Justice Ashurst was remarkable for a long, lanky visage, not unlike that which Cervantes has sketched as Don Quixote's. Erskine scribbled this ludicrous couplet on a slip of paper:—

"Judge Ashurst, with his lanthorn jaws,
Throws light upon the English laws."

The other was a Latin distich, more envenomed than his wont, upon Mr. Justice Grose:—

"Qualis sit Grotius judex, uno accipe versu,
Exclamat, dubitat, stridet, balbutit, et—errat."

I have often observed the disappointment of his clients, who attended his consultations, expecting to hear their cases canvassed with some degree of solemnity and attention, to find that he had not read a line of his brief, but amused himself with talking upon subjects either trifling or wholly unconnected with them. I recollect accompanying a client to a consultation at his house in Serjeant's Inn. We found on the table thirty or forty phial bottles, in each of which was stuck a cutting of geranium of different kinds. Our client was all anxiety for the appearance of Erskine, and full of impatience for the commencement of the consultation, sure that he should hear the merits of his case and the objections to it accurately gone into, and the law of it canvassed and well considered. When Erskine entered the room, what was his disappointment at hearing the first words which he uttered: Erskine—"Do you know how many kinds of geraniums there are?"—"Not I, truly," was my reply. "There are above a hundred," he said. He then proceeded with a detail and description of the different sorts, and indulged in a discussion of their relative beauties and merits. This lecture on geraniums evidently disconcerted our client. He listened with patient anxiety till he had finished, hoping then to hear something about his cause, when he heard him conclude: Erskine—"Now state the case, as I have no time to read my brief." With my statement of it, the consultation ended. But our client's disappointment of the evening he found amply compensated by Erskine's exertions on the following morning, when he heard every point of his case put with accuracy, and enforced by eloquence. To his consultations, in fact, no feature of deliberation belonged. If in the course of them any thought struck him, he did not reserve the communication of it for a more fit occasion, but uttered it as it occurred, though it broke in on the subject under discussion, and was wholly foreign to and unconnected with it. At a consultation, in which I was junior, Christie, the auctioneer, attended to give some information. In the middle of it, Erskine exclaimed, "Christie, I want a house in the neighborhood of Ramsgate, have you got such a one to dispose of?" "What kind of a house do you want?" inquired the auctioneer. Erskine described it. "I have," said Christie, "the very thing that will suit you, and what is more, I'll put you into it as Adam was put into Paradise, in a state of perfection." These playful humours the fortunate lawyer would sometimes carry to an excess, bordering on burlesque. He had a large and favourite dog, called Toss, which he had taught to sit upon a chair with his paws placed before him on the table. In that posture he would put an open book before it, with one paw placed on each side, and one of his bands tied round his neck. This ludicrous exhibition was presented to his clients, who came to attend his consultations. No one would have ventured on such a childish experiment, but one who felt that the indulgence of a trifling whim did not detract from the dignity of his professional character, and with the perfect assurance of a superior mind, that his clients could find no equal to him at the bar, or in fact do without him.

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New-York, January 8, 1839.

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